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A COMEDY.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

They parted with clasps of hands,
And kisses, and burning tears!
They met in a foreign land
After some twenty years.

Met as acquaintances meet,
Smiling, tranquil-eyed;
Not even the least little beat
Of the heart upon either side.

They chatted of this and that,
The nothings that make up life;
She in a Gainsboro hat,
And he in black for his wife.

Ah, what a comedy this!
Neither was hurt, it appears:
Yet once she had leaned to his kiss
And once he had known her tears.

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," 'BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

VERY gravely, almost pitifully it was spoken; and, as the words reached him Doctor Arnold involuntarily turned and took a few steps in the direction of the mantelpiece, then paused abruptly, for Mr. Greville had come forward into the light, and stood, erect, by the table.

"You have given the only verdict possible, gentlemen of the jury," he said distinctly; "and, as the unhappy father of the man you have declared guilty of wilful murder, I thank you for your impartial and patient inquiry; and I swear that, if, now or at any other time, I become possessed of any clue to the whereabouts of him who has this day been branded as a murderer, I will immediately make it known to the proper authorities, so that the criminal may be brought to justice and his crime punished as it deserves."

* * * * *

"The train was very late Marton."

"Yes, sir; but that is not to be wondered at. A few more hours of such snow would block the lines altogether."

The afternoon train from Lindhurst was fully an hour late.

As the station-master told Stephen Daunt with a sympathetic glance at the young man's worn haggard face, it was not to be wondered at.

All day long the snow had been falling heavily, and it was snowing still, and the wind whistling through the station brought many a heavy flake with it to the platform on which Stephen Daunt had been pacing restlessly for an hour or more, waiting impatiently for, yet dreading the arrival of the train which was to bring Sidney Arnold back to the terrible trouble which awaited her at Ashford.

Ten minutes before the up-train had started with its load of passengers and luggage and the evening mails, the station had relapsed into stillness and solitude, and only a couple of porters stood waiting about for the late train to make its tardy appearance, while Stephen Daunt, in his long rough ulster, a tall gloomy-looking figure, paced restlessly up and down the platform, with a look of pain almost amounting to anguish on his face.

If the choice had been offered to Stephen Daunt to cut off his right hand, and so spare Sidney Arnold the terrible tidings which awaited her, or to retain that member and impart the information to her, he would, in his then mood, not have hesitated for a moment.

As he strode up and down the platform, his head bent forward on his breast, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, he was wondering how he should break the terrible news to her, and how—ah, poor, Sidney—how she would bear it!

The suffering which he himself endured at the thought of Sidney's suffering had awakened him to a knowledge of the fact that he had not by any means conquered his love for her.

During his absence abroad after Sidney's engagement, he had struggled and fought desperately against it, and had returned home, as he thought, cured; and perhaps, if Sidney had seemed happy in her engagement, he might have succeeded in stamping out his passionate love for her.

But the wistful face, the sweet yearning eyes, the girl's evident unrest and unhappiness, had made him think more of her than ever; and thinking of the woman one is trying not to love, and pitying her from morning till night, is hardly the way to cure a hopeless passion.

He was thinking of her now very sadly, and to the exclusion of all consideration of the personal discomfort he was enduring.

How would she bear this trouble?

Would she be incredulous, and utterly refuse to believe what had happened? He himself had done so at first; it would only be natural that Sidney's mind should recoil with horror and refuse credence to such a crime.

Ah, how terrible it would be to see the pain upon her face, the horror, the misery! How would she bear it? Could she live through such a trial?

How——

"The train is coming, sir," said the porter touching his cap respectfully; and Stephen started and stared at the man for a moment as if he did not understand the meaning of his words.

Muttering a hasty word of thanks, he went forward to meet Sidney.

She was the only passenger who alighted at Ashford, and one or two of the railway officials glanced at her curiously as she stood for a moment on the platform, in her soft rich furs, the fair young face looking very pale as the light of the station-lamps fell upon it, although a faint color rose in it as Stephen met her.

"Have you come to meet me?" she said, giving him her little gloved hand for a moment. "I telegraphed to Frank. Is he here?"

"I—I have not seen him," Stephen muttered. "Your father sent me to meet you, Sidney," he added hastily. "Your train is very late."

"Yes," Sidney said, looking at him wistfully. "Is papa engaged?"

"Yes; will you come? The brougham is here."

He hurried her out of the station to the waiting carriage, folding her wraps carefully around her.

"Papa is not ill, Stephen?" she said suddenly, looking up at his haggard face.

"No—oh, no! You must be very cold and very tired, Sidney."

"Yes; I am very cold."

She was shivering under her sealskin and furs, but not with cold only; and the fear upon her face struck him.

"Sidney, why did you come home?" he said, almost passionately.

"How could I keep away?" she asked, with some reproach in her unsteady tones, adding almost fretfully, "I wonder why Frank did not come? He might have guessed I—— It was not kind. Have you seen him, Stephen?"

"No, not to-day," Stephen answered, as calmly as he could; then, as a thought struck him, he turned to her eagerly. "You have had no letter from him? He has not written to you, Sidney?"

"No," she said, with a nervous little laugh. "He is not very attentive, is he? He comes neither to see me off when I go nor to meet me when I return. Stephen," she added, breaking off, and turning to him with a pitiful entreaty, "what a terrible thing has happened? Is it true that——"

"I will tell you nothing until we reach home," he said gently. "Patience for a little while, dear child."

Sidney sank back upon the cushions, and did not speak again until the brougham stopped; and Bessie's kindly, anxious face appeared as the hall door of the Gray House was thrown open, letting a stream of bright red light flood the pavement and the stone steps.

Bessie received Sidney in silence, hurrying her into her own pretty morning-room, where a wood-fire was blazing cheerfully and lamp and candlelight made everything look bright.

"A cup of tea will do you good, my dearie," the old servant said gently, and then hurried out of the room, disengaging herself from Sidney's little clinging hands, which sought to detain her, and turning away her face to escape meeting the girl's pitiful entreating eyes, so full of questions that Sidney could not put into words.

When Stephen Daunt came in a few moments later, Sidney was standing by the table, still wearing her furs, her face pale as death, save for a burning spot on either cheek which made her pallor still more apparent.

She had removed her hat and gloves, and Stephen saw that her fingers were trembling and unsteady as they moved among the dainty tea-things which stood ready on the table.

"You will have some tea?" she said abruptly, looking up at him with restless shining eyes, in which Stephen could read the agony of fear she strove to conceal, which made his heart ache for her.

"Thank you," he answered, and tried to add a few words; but he could not steady his voice sufficiently, and he took the tea from her in silence.

Her hand was the steadier of the two then and she drank some tea eagerly, thirstily, as if her throat were dry and parched; then, putting down the cup, she moved over to the fire, and said, in the same abrupt manner—

"You must have known I should come home, Stephen. I was anxious to hear all about this terrible business. Did you know of it when you saw me off yesterday morning?"

"I knew thus much," he answered gently "that Squire Rutledge was dead, that his servants had found him in his library that morning."

"And papa was there?"

"Yes."

"And you let me go!" she said passionately. "You should have known that I could have borne it better here than there. It is horrible; but——"

"Doctor Arnold wished you to go," Stephen interrupted gravely. "We hoped to keep it from you for a time."

"How could it be kept from me?" she said bitterly. "All the county knows it now, of course; why should not I?"

Ah, why? Stephen thought sadly, as he stood opposite to her, feeling as if this thing which Doctor Arnold had asked him to do were beyond his strength.

How could he tell her—this woman whom he loved so dearly, for whom he would willingly have laid down his life—that the man she loved was a murderer?

"It is very horrible," Sidney went on, trying to speak calmly. "But such things happen at times, and one never knows when—— Poor Mrs. Rutledge—it is terrible for her! How does she bear it? Who did it? Is there any suspicion?"

She was talking with feverish eagerness, almost incoherence, and Stephen could see how she was trembling, and knew that it was better she should learn the worst at once.

And yet how could he tell her?

"He was quite dead, the papers said," she went on, in the same nervous manner. "Is that so?"

"Yes. He had been dead some hours when Doctor Arnold reached the Hall."

"And—and the papers said that—that Mrs Rutledge disappeared. That, of course, is not true; they always put such statements in the papers to excite people's interest. It is not true, of course?"

"It is quite true," Stephen said gravely; and Sidney, as she stood by the fire, put out her hand suddenly and caught at the mantel-shelf, as if she needed its support.

"Why did she go?" she asked piteously. "She did—— Oh, Stephen, tell me! I can bear anything but this horrible uncertainty! Why do you look at me like that? I am sorry, of course; but I have no special cause for sorrow have I?"

He caught the little trembling hands in his as she held them out to him, and made her sit down.

She was white and trembling, and Stephen knew that what he had to tell her would not be quite unexpected; she was in some measure prepared for it.

Still the blow must fall heavily; he could not spare her, much as he longed to do so.

"Sidney, my poor darling, how can I tell you," he said hoarsely, as she sat looking up at him with haggard pleading eyes—"how can I tell you! Be brave, dear! There has been a terrible mistake somewhere; but, when Frank comes back, all will be cleared up, I am sure."

"When Frank comes back?" she repeated faintly. "Has Frank gone away also?"

"Yes," he answered huskily.

"Why did he go?"

"We do not know. Oh, Sidney, can you not understand the horrible suspicion to which his absence just now exposes him?"

She stared at him for a moment with a horrified unseeing gaze.

Her white lips parted as if about to speak, but no words came.

"He is not here to clear himself," Stephen went on brokenly; "and people are so apt to be suspicious, you know, dear, without any ground. They think he has run away to escape punishment."

"Ah!"

The words broke from her almost like a groan, the clasp of her fingers over his relaxed suddenly, and she sank back in her chair, white, drooping, nerveless, but perfectly conscious still, though Stephen, startled by the sudden collapse of the slender figure, thought she was going to faint.

"People say all sorts of things," he went on hurriedly, "true and untrue under the influence of the intense excitement caused by such an event; and of course Frank's absence is unfortunate now."

"Yes, I see; they think he has run away," she said, with a strange hollow tone in the low faint voice. "Ah, why did he go now?—for he is innocent."

"He will come back as he hears it," Stephen remarked reassuringly.

"Yes, he will come back."

There was a little silence then.

Sidney lay back motionless in her chair, the pallor of her face assuming an ashen-gray hue, her hands drooping by her sides, her eyes wide open, but dim and miserable.

It seemed to Stephen that the distress she felt had taken away all her strength, she looked so lifeless and feeble; and, when she spoke again, her voice was low and faint, like the voice of one enfeebled by a long illness.

"Even if he does not come back," she said, "they will not think him guilty long. Frank was so good and gentle, he would

not hurt any one, notwithstanding that when he was angry he said foolish things. Stephen, do you believe him guilty?"

As the great miserable eyes were turned upon his face, Stephen felt the color rise slowly in it.

How could he tell her the truth?

How could he say that he believed Frank Greville guilty of such a heinous crime? And yet, as he stood there, his heart was full of bitterness and wrath, and he believed in Frank's guilt as firmly as he believed in his own existence.

"You believe him guilty," said Sidney calmly; "but you are wrong. Even if all the world believed it, I should hold him innocent.

"He said wild things truly," she went on slowly rising to her feet, "and—and she had great influence over him; but—he had promised me, and Frank would keep his word."

"She drove him mad!" Stephen declared bitterly.

"She encouraged and fooled him to the top of his bent. He was but a tool in her hands—Heaven forgive her!"

"Heaven forgive her indeed!" Sidney echoed faintly, raising her hands to her brow for a moment and pushing back her hair from it.

"And she is gone too, you say; and people think that—oh, great Heaven, how horrible!—they have gone together."

A wild peal of hysterical laughter broke from her as she uttered the words, laughter which was more terrible to listen to than any passion of tears or sobs could have been and which made Stephen shudder as he heard it, while the fever and excitement in her eyes now, the burning flush upon her face, were even more alarming than the listless, mournful calmness of the minute before.

"Sidney, Sidney!" he said tenderly, trying to take the little hands which moved so restlessly in her agitation. "Hush, dear child! Do not give way—it pains me to hear you."

"They think they have gone together," she repeated, "the murderer and the murdered man's wife! Is that not horrible? And they believe that Frank is capable of such vileness—that he killed the Squire to get possession of the Squire's wife!"

And again the peal of hysterical horrible laughter echoed through the room, and the little restless, burning fingers strove to disengage themselves from Stephen Daunt's tender detaining hands.

Even in the suffering of after-years Stephen never forgot the keen pain of that hour.

If it had been possible for him then, by the sacrifice of his own life, to bring Frank Greville to her side, cleared of the crime imputed to him, he would have made that sacrifice.

To see her, his darling, the dearest thing in all the world to him, the prey of such horror was almost more than he could bear and the anguish on his face was great enough to recall the unhappy girl in some measure to herself.

"Forgive me," she said faintly, "forgive me. I will not distress you again. See—I am calm now! I wonder why papa does not come?"

"He is at the inquest, Sidney."

"There is an inquest, then," she said dreamily, "and the verdict will decide? Stephen, how can we bear? Will you go? You may safely leave me—see how calm I am!"

Calm poor child, when she was trembling from head to foot in such a way that she could stand only with his support—calm, with those burning eyes and parched dry lips!

"Doctor Arnold will send immediately," he said gently.

"He promised me, and he never breaks his word, you know; his messenger must soon be here, Sidney."

"Then I will wait. No, I cannot sit down; I must walk," she said piteously, disengaging herself from his supporting arm. "I am not faint; but it is very warm here."

Moving unsteadily across the room, she threw open the window, admitting a rush of cold air and thick snow; then she began pacing up and down the room with feeble tottering steps.

Stephen watched her in silence and unspeakable pain, longing to take her in his arms and comfort her, to see the white lids close over the wide-open burning eyes, the little restless hands still and peaceful once more.

Once or twice her lips moved, and the word "Horrible!" was spoken and repeated in a voice so low as to be almost inaudible; but the restless perambulations never ceased until a loud peal sounded at the hall-door bell and a strange voice was heard in the hall.

Then she paused suddenly, and, but for Stephen's instant support, she would have fallen.

As he caught her in his arm, she looked up at him in mute entreaty, and tried to speak; but no sound came from the white parched lips.

Stephen put her gently into a chair.

"Wait here, dear," he said. "I will see him and tell you."

"The truth?" she murmured faintly.

"Yes, all the truth, Sidney."

He hurried out into the passage, where his own groom, who had been waiting at the Rutledge Arms to bring him news of the verdict, stood, the snow lying heavily upon his shoulders.

"Well," Stephen said eagerly, "is the inquest over or adjourned?"

"It is over, sir," the man answered, still somewhat breathless from the haste with which he had ridden—"quite over. Doctor Arnold desired me to give you, this, sir."

With unsteady hands Stephen took the slip of paper and opened it.

It contained these words written hastily and unevenly—

"Willful murder against Frank Greville the younger."

It was so much worse than Stephen had anticipated that the young man staggered back as he read it uttering an exclamation of surprise and pain.

"Murder! There is some mistake," he said; "surely it is manslaughter, not murder!"

"Murder, sir," the groom answered. "The evidence was very strong, people said; and some folks say—I can't say for certain, as I was not there myself—that Mr. Greville said the jury was quite right, and swore that if he could give his son up to justice he would do it."

"How will she bear it?" broke from Stephen's pale lips, as he turned away. "How can I tell her?"

But there was no need to tell her, for she had followed him, and stood leaning against the wall, white and still, as if turned to stone.

Before he could reach her, she slid downwards and lay at his feet, white, cold, and motionless, as one dead.

CHAPTER VI.

IF I had heard it from any lips but your own, I should have disbelieved it. I can hardly believe it now. Sidney, it is not true; tell me that it is not true!"

Christine Greville spoke with a force and passion which shook her slender frame with terrible violence.

Sidney, standing, a slender drooping figure, by the window of the morning-room at the Gray House, looked over at her with wistful sorrowful eyes, and said gently—

"It is quite true, Chrissie."

"True that you, whom I believe so true and steadfast, are going to break your plighted word, to be false and faithless? It is not true! I will not believe it. Sidney, have you forgotten that you promised to be Frank's wife," she went on more calmly, "that he has never released you from that promise, that to betray him now, when he is desolate and in trouble, would be a thousand times blacker treachery than to betray him while he was here and able to defend himself? Sidney, you will not desert Frank now?"

"Is it not Frank who has deserted me?" Sidney Arnold asked brokenly, a faint bitter smile parting the sweet lips which had taken such a sorrowful droop during the past twelve months.

"Deserted you!" Chrissie Greville cried passionately.

"How can you be so cruel, Sidney? How can he return here to his death? Ah, if his innocence could but be proved!"

"Ah, if it could!" Sidney echoed bitterly. "But, as it is——"

"Yet you swore to do all you could to prove it," Frank's sister said, almost wildly; "and yet not two hours have passed, and you, Frank's promised wife, are the first to desert him!"

"The first! Nay, since I believe in his innocence still, while your father—— Chrissie, don't taunt me, or you will make me say what I shall be sorry for afterwards!"

She turned from the window as she spoke with a gesture half of pain, half of anger, and threw herself into a low chair by the fire.

It was a fair sunshiny spring day, but the air was chilly; and Sidney shivered a little as she crouched over the fire, holding out her hands to his warmth, the little slender hands so thin and fragile now.

Nearly eighteen months had elapsed since the tragedy had taken place which had given Ashford a subject of conversation for many a long day, but which, having been worn threadbare by busy tongues and occupied all minds during the long winter evenings and summer twilights, was now almost forgotten by all.

People had ceased to talk of the mysterious murder, of the still more mysterious disappearance of the beautiful young wife, and of Frank Greville's flight from justice.

Active as the search had been for the fugitives, no trace of them had been discovered.

On the snowy night begun in such brightness and gaiety and mirth, to end in such darkness and misery, they had disappeared as utterly and entirely as if the earth had swallowed them up, leaving no trace behind.

How they managed to evade the search made for them it was impossible to say; all the lynx-eyed detectives were at a loss, and as months passed on, giving no clue to the mystery of their disappearance, the subject, already almost threadbare, was forgotten in other events of interest.

Mr. Rutledge's heir-at-law, a gay young married man, came and settled at the Hall, and his wife, a fashionable and worldly girl, filled it with guests and gaiety as soon as the short period of mourning was completed, and her parties gave the inhabitants of Ashford plenty to talk about.

And during the following winter Doctor Arnold had brought home a young wife to be mistress of the Gray House, an event which caused very general comment and wonder and much condemnation from various quarters.

If Doctor Arnold was compelled to marry again, why did he choose some one younger than his own daughter?

Surely he had seen enough of the misery of such unequal matches!

Nothing but misery could come of this, of course; but nevertheless all Ashford called upon the young bride, who was a pretty insane blonde, the last woman in the world, one would have thought, to captivate the man who had loved Sidney's mother.

But no young husband could have been more passionately devoted to his wife than Doctor Arnold.

Lucie's wishes were law in his household and Sidney found herself entirely ousted from her old sovereignty, while her position was anything but an easy one, owing to the intense and unreasoning jealousy of her young step-mother, who disliked her thoroughly for the superiority she—Mrs. Arnold—could not but be conscious of.

Beside Sidney's grave beauty, softened and increased by the sorrow she had gone through, Lucie Arnold's childish prettiness faded into insignificance; and the young wife had not sufficient liberality to acknowledge Sidney's loveliness, and be content with her husband's love and admiration.

Moreover, the household, who loved Sidney so truly, could not quite disguise their annoyance at the stranger who had been brought to the Gray House to queen it over her and them.

Mrs. Arnold was keen enough to discover this annoyance even under their respectful obedience, and it increased her dislike to her step-daughter and her anxiety to get rid of her.

Sidney's sensitive pride and naturally impetuous disposition made it very hard for her to be patient in these new circumstances.

She often felt heart-sick and weary at the slights and insults Mrs. Arnold forced her to bear.

The sickness of hope deferred, in spite of all her efforts to tear up, stole the color from her cheeks, the light from her sweet eyes.

In spite of all evidence, she believed in Frank's innocence; and while others were condemning him for the double crime of which they accused him, Sidney thought with sad tenderness of the young man who had been so handsome and gay and cheerful until Sibyl Rutledge's beauty crossed his path.

Oftentimes she blamed herself for the trouble which had fallen upon him.

If she had loved him, she would have been able to win him from the fatal enthralment which had brought him to his ruin; but she had been careless and selfish, and had not tried to do her duty to him.

Ah, if she had only had the means, how she would have left no stone unturned to tell the truth!

But she was powerless.

An appeal to her father met a grave and tender refusal.

He believed Frank guilty, and sternly bade his daughter dismiss all thought of him from her mind.

A similar entreaty to Lawyer Greville had resulted in a similar reply, and Sidney felt powerless and lonely and desolate.

But Sidney's extremity was Stephen Daunt's opportunity.

The deep love he had felt for her for so long was only deepened and intensified by her sorrow and depression, and by the unhappiness of her home.

And one fair spring day, when the lilac and laburnum in the old-fashioned garden were in bloom, he asked her very gently, very tenderly to be his wife.

He said no word of his long hopeless love; he thought she had no love to give him in return.

He could offer her a great deal of that which makes life happy.

At first the girl shrank back trembling and pale as death, finally she yielded, putting both her hands in his with quivering lips and dim eyes.

And it was the news of this engagement which had brought Chrissie Greville to the Gray House full of anger and pain, half demented, as it were, by the long suffering she had endured, which had reached its climax now in the desertion of the only friend left to her—the first who had shared her grief and misery, who had hoped and feared and fought blindly with her against those who thought Frank guilty, and who had believed in his innocence through all.

The awful trouble which had fallen on Christine Greville had changed her from a gentle yielding girl to a resentful, despairing, sorrowful woman.

She had been passionately attached to her brother, and her only hope of ever proving his innocence lay in Sidney.

She herself was powerless, for her father's mandate had been spoken with a decision and a firmness against which she dared not appeal.

On returning home after the Coroner's inquest, he had called his household together forbidding them ever to mention his son's name under his roof, and repeating in the most solemn manner the oath he had sworn after the inquest, to do all in his power to bring the criminal to justice.

And Chrissie was selfish in her sorrow; she had no thought for Sidney; all her sympathy was with her brother; his sufferings had obliterated all other from her mind.

Night and day she pictured him hunted, hiding, penniless, starving, until her brain reeled and her heart ached to anguish.

She did not remember that Sidney also had been haunted by such thoughts, and that it would be well, since all their sorrow was unavailing, that she should forget if possible.

"Sidney," she said gently, coming to her side and kneeling down with her eager, pleading, tearful face raised to hers, "have you forgotten all the happy days we had together—you and I and Frank? Have you forgotten when we were children, how he loved you, how you were always his first thought, how he always tried to please you, how he once saved your life? Have you forgotten that he always, even as a child, called you his little wife? Have you forgotten that you promised to be his wife? Will you break your word now?"

"I have forgotten nothing," Sidney answered, with a passionate gesture of pain. "How can I forget? Would to Heaven I could! But although I shall always remember, what can I do? Am I not powerless? How can I help him?"

"Ah," Chrissie cried out suddenly, "you never loved him—you never loved him—he knew it! It was that which made him flirt with Sibyl Rutledge; it was that which——"

"Hush, for pity's sake!" Sidney said faintly, shrinking back, trembling in every limb as the hasty intemperate words fell upon her ears. "Don't say that, Chrissie; it is not true—it is not true!"

"It is true—you never loved him!" repeated Christine wildly. "You will not help him!"

Sidney turned at the words, like a wounded deer at bay.

"If I did not love him, I am ready to help him," she said passionately; "and, while I am powerless as I am, my marriage with Stephen Daunt will give me the means I need to help Frank! Can't you—won't you understand?"

She paused abruptly, struck by a sudden change on the face of her companion, and turned to see that Stephen Daunt had entered the room, and was standing near the door, his face so pale as the spring sunshine fell upon it that Sidney knew, and felt a great pang at her heart at the knowledge, that he had overheard the words she had spoken and would believe that they had been meant.

In the mentary silence which followed it seemed to Sidney that her heart died within her breast.

CHAPTER VII.

I BEG your pardon," Stephen Daunt said gravely, as he entered the room where Miss Arnold and Christine Greville were conversing; "I am afraid I interrupted you. But Bessie told me you were alone, Sidney. How do you do, Miss Greville?" he added. "You are better?"

"Yes, I am better," Chrissie answered ungraciously, as Sidney turned to the fire again, trying hard to regain her calmness, but shivering and trembling in her excessive agitation.

"Your father is well, I hope? What charming weather, is it not?" Stephen continued, speaking with his usual easy grace, anxious to set Sidney at her ease, although his own color had not returned, and his voice was just a trifle unsteady. "Dolly wants you to come over and spend the day with her, Sidney," he added, his tone softening perceptibly as he spoke to his fiancee who stood, a slender drooping figure in her soft gray dress, not daring to lift her eyes to his.

"Her cold is very bad to-day, and Doctor Elliot has forbidden her to show the tip of her nose out of doors. Can you come, dear? Have you any other engagement?"

"No," she answered faintly.

"And you will come? That is right. That little sister of mine is never happy when you are out of her sight, I think. Are you going, Miss Greville? I hope I am not driving you away?"

"Oh, no!" Chrissie said huskily. "I have been here some time, and we have had a long talk, and I must go. Good-bye, Sidney."

"Good-bye," Sidney answered, putting out her hand, but pretending not to see the cheek Christine offered her to kiss; and Stephen noticed how heavily her hand fell to her side when the other girl released it.

"Do not ring; I will see Miss Greville to the door," said Stephen hastily, interrupting Sidney's movement towards the bell; and as the door closed after them, the young girl threw up her hands with a passionate gesture of despair.

What would he think of her? she thought bitterly.

How he would despise and condemn her!

Of course all would be over between them now, and she must live out her lonely life alone, unblessed by his protection, unsheltered by his care.

In that bitter moment Sidney realized how unspeakably precious Stephen's affection had been to her, realized what happiness—subdued certainly, but none the less intense—had crept into her dreary life at the thought of the future passed by his side.

Even if he did not love her, he cared for her a little, she had thought yearningly; and she would be so good a wife, so gentle, so patient, so devoted, that she would win his love in time, and then they would be so happy.

But now all that was over.

It was not likely that he would overlook the words he had overheard, words which had been spoken in the passion and pain of the moment, with a deep trust in Stephen's nobility, which would not refuse her his help in this matter that was so near her heart.

Now—what a thought!—he would think that she had meant to marry him only to use his wealth to clear her former lover.

She felt bowed down to the earth with shame.

How should she meet him again?

Whither could she go to escape the reproach in the dark eyes she loved so well? How should she bear the scorn she deserved?

Ah, there was the sound of his step in the hall, his hand upon the door!

Flight was impossible now; as she had sown she must reap.

Her heart was throbbing to suffocation as Stephen entered the room and came up to the rug upon which she was standing, and she dared not raise her eyes.

Had she done so, she might have fathomed the depth of his great love for her, and all the misery which followed might have been averted.

For a few moments they stood opposite to each other in silence, the young man looking down compassionately at the shrinking drooping figure, so graceful even in its humiliation, the lovely little face so beautiful in its pallor and shame, the little hands clasped tightly before her in her pain as she stood before him like a culprit before her judge.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Eleanor's Revenge.

BY F. R. NELSON.

THE pretty village of Camden was less crowded than usual, this summer; but why, no one could tell.

The cosy little hotel was as neat and inviting as formerly, while the brook was actually sighing at the non-appearance of the anglers, who annually relieved it of some of the golden-backed fish with which its waters swarmed.

Nevertheless, the few guests at the hotel managed to pass their time quite pleasantly and none more so than pale, delicate Eleanor Thorn.

Left an orphan at an early age, the loss of parents' care and affection had been well supplied by the unselfish love of her aunt, stately Mrs. Chase.

My heroine at the time was by no means pretty.

Tall, slender, an almost pallid complexion—the result of illness—short hair, of a decided reddish cast.

But her eyes, no one could deny, were truly beautiful.

They were of a deep violet hue, fringed with long jetty lashes.

In manners she was quiet and shrinking, but withal possessing an amount of pride and self-possession unexpected in one so young.

To this quiet country place her aunt had brought her in the hope of re-establishing her health, and so far had met with most gratifying results.

One afternoon about the middle of August, there stepped from the train at the Camden station two gentlemen, Dr. George Merton and his friend, Edward Dalton, or, as he was more familiarly termed by his friend, Ned.

Young Merton was the son of a London physician.

He was tall and slight, with raven curls, eyes black as midnight, with a cold look in them, which at times could change to one of almost womanly tenderness, full lips almost concealed by a heavy moustache.

His companion was in looks much his inferior, but in truth and nobleness far above him.

"Not to this life-forsaken place, I hope," said the doctor.

"Yes," replied Ned; "if you want fishing this is the place."

"About all there is to recommend it, I should judge."

"Well, what do you expect in a small country place?"

"I am too entirely done up to contest the question with you, old fellow; we'll postpone the argument until some other time."

"Very well," replied young Dalton. "Wait till you have been here for a few days, you'll think differently."

"Oh!" drawled the doctor; "wonder if there are any pretty girls to get up a flirtation with?"

"Of course your first thought is for the women.

"It may be all very fine pastime for you, but, by Jove! I wouldn't like to answer for all the broken hearts laid to your charge."

Having by this time arrived at the hotel, they immediately sought their rooms, nor again appeared till evening.

"Mrs. Chase, this is indeed a great pleasure.

"Allow me to present my friend, Dr. Merton."

This meeting took place in the dining-room.

Eleanor, entering at this moment, was duly presented to the two young men, her pale face turning crimson as she met the quizzical gaze of the fastidious doctor.

The evening passed most pleasantly.

Young Merton was all affability and very attentive to the unsophisticated Eleanor.

At an early hour they parted, Eleanor, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, going directly to her mirror, into which she gazed long and earnestly.

"I am not so homely to-night," said the fascinated girl; "at least, Dr. Merton told me twice that I was not."

So, resting her cheek upon her hand, she fell into a deep reverie, of which heartless George Merton was the theme.

"Who is that little red-headed fright?" laughed young Merton, as he lazily puffed his Havana.

"Seems to me that you were very attentive to the little fright."

"Well, by Jove! she is green: took every word in downright earnest; splendid prospect for a summer flirtation.

"Now don't look so savage, Ned; she'll get over it sometime.

"Must go to bed and dream of my new love. Good-night, old boy. Pleasant dreams."

On the following day the attentions and compliments were renewed.

Days deepened into weeks, finding poor Eleanor deeply in love with Dr. Merton, and he, on his part, having given her every cause to think the feeling was returned.

On the evening previous to their return to London, Eleanor and George strolled off for a walk, as usual.

"I leave for London to-morrow, Eleanor."

"Yes, so Mr. Dalton said," was the almost inaudible reply.

"Shall you miss me, darling, or regret my absence?"

And the dark eyes were bent on hers.

The burning blush which suffered her cheeks was answer sufficient.

"I shall miss your loving looks when far away, my Eleanor," he said.

And placing his arm around the trembling, happy girl, he imprinted a loving kiss upon her lips.

There was no proposal, no hint that in the future he should proudly claim her for his bride.

But her faith in him needed no such declaration.

Returning to the hotel, the four chatted pleasantly for a short time, and then separated to their rooms.

Half an hour later, all were wrapped in slumber, and when Eleanor awoke in the morning, her lover had gone.

For days and days she watched for the promised letter, which never came, till, late in the autumn, they too returned to the city.

Still Eleanor received no word nor call from her quondam lover, and the poor girl felt that death alone would bring balm to her broken heart.

* * * * *

Five years later, and in the elegant drawing room of Mrs. Chase's residence were gathered wealth and beauty.

Brilliantly the light fell on noble and handsome men, on "women all beauty and bloom."

But queen of them all stood the beautiful woman in whose honor the ball was given.

Could it be possible that five years had wrought that marvelous change in the once plain Eleanor?

The pallor of her face had given place to a skin of marble whiteness, relieved by a delicate pink on the cheeks.

Her hair, once red, was of a deep golden brown.

Her crowning beauty, her eyes, alone remained unchanged.

Among the last guests announced were Dr. Merton and Edward Dalton, both still bachelors.

At the mention of Merton's name, Mrs. Chase gave a quick, apprehensive glance at her niece.

But the calm answering smile assured her that the foolish passion of her girlhood troubled her no more.

As the doctor approached, he looked in astonishment at the queenly girl.

"Not that beautiful creature, Ned? It cannot be possible."

"Quite true, I assure you; somewhat changed from the little girl you flirted so desperately with five years ago."

They were duly presented, and stepped aside to make room for others.

Gaily the time passed, and the evening was almost over ere the doctor found an opportunity of again approaching Eleanor.

"I hear you have been abroad for some time, Miss Thorn."

"Yes. You remember the summer we met at Camden, doctor?"

"Yes," he faltered.

"Aunt and I sailed for Italy that autumn remaining there five years."

"Then I flatter myself that you have not forgotten that summer five years ago?" inquired the doctor.

"Oh, no! It is indelibly engraven upon my memory."

But astute as was the man at her side, he could not interpret the strange look that accompanied the words.

"May I, then, claim the privilege of an old friend, and call on you?" he asked, fixing a tender gaze upon her.

"Certainly, doctor; let there be no formality between us."

Eleanor was now claimed for a promised dance, and the doctor saw no more of her that evening.

Eleanor's invitation was eagerly accepted and the following evening found Merton seated in Mrs. Chase's drawing-room, with Eleanor by his side.

Before leaving the house, he had obtained her consent to drive with him the following day.

Then came balls, parties, operas, in quick succession.

Never was season so gay, and gayest of all was queenly Eleanor Thorn, chaperoned by her indulgent aunt, and invariably accompanied by Dr. Merton.

One evening he called, and was surprised on being told that Miss Thorn was engaged and could not see him.

The following evening he received a similar rebuff.

As he descended the steps of her house, he encountered his friend, Ned.

"Cut out at last?" said Ned.

"What do you mean?" he fiercely demanded.

"Why, haven't you heard that Miss Thorn is soon to be married to a foreign gentleman of high birth? He has just arrived from Italy."

"I do not believe it! It is false!"

But the pallid lips and cheeks told that it was received as no idle tale.

"Come with me, if you want proof," said his friend.

A few moments later, they entered the theatre.

Seated in one of the lower boxes was Eleanor, radiant, and sparkling with jewels.

By her side, with eyes fixed lovingly upon her, was a tall, handsome gentleman.

Turning her head, she encountered the burning gaze of George Merton.

With a scornful smile upon her lips, she turned to the gentleman beside her, and whispered something to him.

He followed the direction of her eyes, and encountered those of his rival.

Almost maddened by the sight, Merton rushed from the building, nor paused until he reached his own room.

On the following evening he called at Mrs. Chase's, and asked for Miss Thorn.

After a few minutes had elapsed she entered the room, looking, if possible, more than ever beautiful to the eyes of the infatuated young man.

"Eleanor, what means this flirting? Darling, you can never know the agony I have endured the last two days."

He attempted to raise her hand to his lips.

Quick as thought she snatched it from his.

"Miss Thorn, what do you mean? Is my love nothing to you?

"For, my darling, I love, worship you. For you I would peril my salvation. Oh, Eleanor, tell me the rumors I hear are false.

"By the right of my great love I demand an answer."

Pale as a marble statue stood Eleanor.

"Say but that you love me, and on earth I ask no other boon."

Calmly turning upon her suppliant suitor Eleanor said—

"Fortunately for me, doctor, your words are spoken just five years too late.

"Neither you nor I have forgotten that summer, when, a foolish, trusting child, I based my happiness on the promises and words of love you poured into my ears. I thought I loved you then; to-day proves the falseness of the supposition.

"Marry you! I loathe, abhor you! I then swore, child as I was, that by every woman's art I would bring you to my feet an humble suppliant.

"Nature endowed me with beauty; and with that beauty I chained you to my side. For five years I have looked forward to this hour of sweet revenge.

"Go! I spurn you; and every night of my life I shall thank God for having spared me the degradation of becoming the wife of such a man.

"One week from to-day I shall marry the gentleman you saw with me last night."

Without one look of pity for the stricken man, she swept from the room.

Staggered half-maddened by her words, George Merton stood gazing upon the door through which she had passed.

He hurried from the house with deep curses on his lips and agony in his heart.

He could not but feel, however, that his cruel conduct had been fully rewarded by the scorn and contempt of the girl with whose affections he had played so heartlessly.

But when, a week after he read the announcement of her marriage, he felt how terribly bitter indeed was Eleanor's Revenge.

AFTERWARDS.—Most wives, after a year or so of wedded life, admit to themselves, if not to one or two personal friends—an unwise confidence, by the way—that husbands differ essentially from lovers in their deportment towards the chosen of their hearts.

The "sweet, small courtesies" which rendered the lover so irresistible are forgotten or put aside.

The wife's reign was short enough; and now she who was sovereign lady must minister to the wants of her former slave—now her lord.

She does not doubt her husband's fealty; she knows that he is ready for all the big things of life; but she, who longs for the every-day demonstration of love, would rather have the little things. To her it is not the great sacrifice, the all-day work and weariness that constitute evidence of affection; he would be doing that for some other woman, whom he would have married, probably, if he had not married her; but what was evidence of love before marriage, is to her that evidence now, and only that—just these little cares of which her husband feels himself allowably relieved the things that warmed her girlish heart, the things he would be doing for her and her personality alone. And now he is indifferent and careless, not only when they are alone, but—worst sting of all—when in company.

Woman's pride is usually equal to her love. She cannot bear that the world should see her husband's neglect of her; she wants people to see, by his outward demeanor, that she has been able to preserve his love. The small attentions of other men do not compensate for his neglect.

A husband has a thousand interests in the world besides himself; a wife has only her husband. Her love for him and his neglect of her make her life and thoughts too narrow for endurance.

It must be admitted that women are sometimes to blame for this state of affairs, a vixen or a sloven cannot hope to retain her husband's love and respect. But, as a rule, it is the man, not the woman, who ignores the little courtesies which sweeten life. It is the wife who tries to make home what it should be, and herself as lovely an object as may be in her lord's eyes; and it is often by this course of hers that his neglect comes about.

M. S.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE SPIDER.—A good deal of nonsense is written about the sagacity of the spider. The spider is not sagacious. At night it will crawl into the tea-kettle, make its web just above the spout-hole and wait for flies. In the morning, when the kettle begins to get hot, it loses its presence of mind, runs to the outside of the kettle, then down to the stove, and is astonished to find that the stove is still hotter than the kettle. Unless a friendly hand brushes it off it perishes miserably. A very little observation, with a small allowance of sagacity, would be a great help to spiders.

HINDOO WIVES.—The Hindoos formerly took the most effectual method of preventing the widows from marrying. They burned them upon the funeral pile of the dead husband. The origin of that custom is said to be: That the Hindoo wives in very early times became so abandoned and wicked, that on the slightest cause of displeasure they poisoned their husbands. No method having been discovered to prevent this mischief, they enacted a law that every Hindoo wife should be burned to death upon the funeral pile of her dead husband. This law was supposed to put a stop to the pernicious practice of poisoning.

THE MAIDEN'S MISTAKE.—"A very wealthy and beautiful girl fell in love with a young man," said a lady, "who passed her window every morning. He had beautiful, big, sad black eyes and fair hair brushed back from a noble brow, and under his arm he always carried a brown book. She used to sit by the window every morning and watch for his coming, and presently he began to notice her, and one day he brought a bunch of violets and placed them on the sill of the broad barred window and every morning he did the same thing, until she fairly grew to love him. But one day near the end of the month he came to the front door and presented a bill of $10.50 for violets delivered at the house every morning, and then the loveliest maiden discovered he was a grocery clerk and the brown book was his luncheon box."

HER SOUP.—The husband of one of the good dames of those times famous, throughout the New England colony, for the thickness and richness of her bean soup once invited a Governor or some other dignitary home to dine with him, promising him a rare luxury. It was late the family had dined, and the mistress gone out for an afternoon visit. "Never mind," said the host, "here is the porridge pot, still on the crane in the chimney," and forthwith bowls of steaming liquid were spread upon the table. "Wife's soup's not as good as usual to-day," but crumbling bread into it they managed to make a meal. At ten the husband said: "My dear, seems to me your bean soup was not as good as common." "Where did you get it?" "Out of the pot in the chimney-corner." "Bless me," says the horror-stricken wife "that was my dish-water."

USES OF THINGS.—It is not always the fittest that survives. The two little splints in the horse's foot could never be accounted for on the principle that every part of an animal is now as it was from the beginning and has its uses. They are perfectly useless, but they are the last remains of the toes that were very useful to the ancestors of the horse. The world is full of such useless organs, each replete with historical interest. The muscle that moves the ear in a quadruped is present in man; but, as a rule he cannot use it, and it would be useless to him if he could. Of what use are the two buttons upon the back of a coat? None; but in the days when it was the mark of a gentleman to carry a sword they served to secure the sword-belt. The articles man makes present on every hand these survivals from previous fashions. Sham laces on boots, buttons down fronts that do not open, buckles on bands that are fixed, neckwear in the form of ties but secured by other methods, are cases in point.

CHINESE SHAVING.—It is a slow process. The customer seats himself erect on a stool or bench, with the knowledge that an hour must pass before he is released. The barber begins operations by carefully washing the victim's face, ears and head with very warm water, wiping off the dripping parts with a wet towel. He then begins shaving the head, or rather around the crown where the cue begins, commencing over the right ear and moving along until the forehead and lower part of the back-head are cleaned. He next passes to the face and afterward to the neck. The ears are shaved and carefully brushed out and cleaned with delicate brushes and ingenious instruments. The face, neck and arms are then washed and rubbed until the skin assumes a healthy pink. The second part is somewhat like the "Swedish-movement cure." The barber begins to turn and manipulate the head and neck until every cord and muscle has been stretched, pinched and pulled. The shoulders, arms and back are also scientifically pounded and pulled until the victim expresses a desire to have the manipulator stop. The cue is then unbraided, combed and cleaned, and again braided up and put in place. Occasionally, when a barber desires to show great attention to a distinguished customer, he rubs and pulls his fingers and even his toes until the joints crack.

THE HEALER.

BY D. E. W.

When o'er the heart a sorrow hangs,
  Like some dark bird of prey,
With ready beak and cruel fangs
  To tear its hopes away,
Then smiles are strangers to the lips,
  The cheek's bright colors die,
And blinding tears hold in eclipse
  The joy that filled the eye.

But now, where gloom so dense hath been,
  How marvelous the change,
When love, the healer, cometh in,
  With powers sweet and strange!
For at his presence grief takes wing,
  With cruel fang and beak,
While to the heart new feelings spring,
  And hope and gladness speak.

So pain and gladness disappear
  And life finds rest and peace
Where Love, the angel, bids the tear
  Of care and sorrow cease.
Then to the lip the smile returns
  And to the cheek the rose,
And to the eye the joy that burns
  The brighter for its woes!

Stronger Than Pride.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "A GOLDEN DAWN," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

SIR RAYE VIBART was tired, worn out with work, weary of the busy city and of the arduous labor that had once been the keenest delight of his life.

He had never spared himself.

He had labored with hand and with brain from early morning until late at night, and had never remembered that the time must come when brain and hand would both tire.

He worked entirely for love of his work.

He had no wife to share his honors and riches, no children to inherit them, and he was quite alone in the world.

When friends asked him why he worked so hard, having neither wife nor child, kith nor kin, his answer was always—

"For the love of it."

He had amassed a large fortune, and had purchased a magnificent estate called Lulworth, near the pretty town of Tor Beacon, in Surrey.

He had successfully conducted a great engineering feat, having built a bridge over one of the swiftest rivers and broadest streams in England.

It had been a gigantic undertaking, on which the eyes of scientific men had fixed with eager attention, for the river deepened and broadened until it was neither more nor less than an arm of the sea, with a strong tide ebbing and flowing.

The bridge had to be built where the stream was widest.

Sceptics had refused to believe it was possible.

Sir Raye smiled and said that there was no feat so difficult but that time and patience could accomplish it.

What obstacles he met with, what difficulties he overcame, what remarkable talent he displayed, what energy and resource, were topics that were discussed almost daily.

A royal personage went to open the bridge and commended it as one of the greatest works of the age.

The Queen knighted the engineer, and spoke words of praise that almost brought tears to his eyes.

The world of science and art and fashion did homage to him.

And now life seemed very suddenly to collapse.

His brain was tired, and he could not work.

The world seemed all at once to have grown empty.

He sat with aching head and with slowly-beating heart, wondering what had come over him, what was the matter, and why life had changed and gone wrong.

Grave-faced doctors came to him and told him that he must rest.

He smiled as he heard the word.

If he went to Lulworth Hall, the princely residence that he had purchased, there would be no rest.

People would come to see him; he would be compelled to entertain and visit; and he did not feel equal to either.

"If I were in your place, Sir Raye," said the first doctor—one of the most skilful professional men in London—"I should leave all care behind me, and go to some quiet farm-house, far in the heart of the country, and really rest from everything.

"Spend your time in the fields, and listen to nothing save the songs of birds."

Sir Raye saw reason in the advice, and complied with it.

Fate led him to the pretty country town of Holwood, in Kent.

He found lodgings in a small neat farm-house near there.

Every care was left behind, and he gave himself up to the full enjoyment of a sleepy country life, which was so unlike the other life he had led.

Meadow Farm was an old-fashioned house, built of gray stone, and covered with trailing roses, a large white jessamine almost hiding the porch from view.

The farm looked most picturesque, with its rich meadow-land, its green foliage, its clear pools where the cattle drank, its cornfields and stacks of hay.

On a lovely June day Sir Raye Vibart stood at the white gate that gave access to the meadows, lost in admiration, his heart warmer than it had been since he knelt at his mother's knee.

There was something in the blue sky, in the sweet fresh breath of the wind, in the joyous song of the birds, in the odors that arose from leaves and flowers, that sent his thoughts to Heaven, and left him like a simple child before the great open heart of Nature.

Behind him was the pretty farm, and before him was field after field, until the green grass resembled a great green sea.

In the midst of the verdant expanse golden buttercups and white daisies gleamed.

He had forgotten his busy life, with its cares and troubles, and his heart was at peace under the smile of the summer heavens.

A lark rose suddenly and soared higher and higher in the air until lost to sight, leaving an echo of song behind it; on the blackthorn near him a thrush began its sweet music.

Rabbits peeped from the green banks, and a group of rosy-faced children crossed the meadow, laden with flowers.

He watched each and all with the eye of an artist.

Then he saw a herd of cattle going to one of the clear bright pools to drink, and he slowly followed them.

The pool at the end of the meadow was called the Meadow Pond.

There he saw something that interested him far more than the cows.

A fair-haired boy, with a sweet thoughtful face, was trying to launch a little toy steamer, and make it keep steady in the water.

A memory of the deep rushing river, the strong tides, and the fierce winds that did their best to destroy his bridge came over him as he watched the boy.

The steamer would not keep steady.

It leaned first on one side, then on the other.

The boy, with infinite patience, took it from the water time after time, but could not remedy the defect.

The man understood the patient struggle with difficulties, and he went to where the boy knelt amongst the long lush grass.

"Did you make the little boat yourself?" he asked.

The boy's face colored as he answered—"Yes."

"Let me look at it," said Sir Raye.

The wet boat was placed in his hand.

"Suppose we see where the defect lies. What is your name?"

"Vane Fraser," answered the boy, starting as though, in his interest concerning the boat, he had forgotten his own identity.

"Vane Fraser! Then you live at the farm where I lodge?"

"Yes," was the brief answer.

"I will show you, Vane Fraser, where you have erred in making your boat."

Sir Raye knelt in the grass by the boy's side and explained clearly and briefly the cause of the defect.

"Do you understand?" he asked, after a time; and the boy's face brightened as he replied—

"Yes. I have made dozens of boats," he added, "and none of them were right. Now I shall never have another failure."

"You seem sure of success!" laughed Sir Raye.

"Yes—because I know now how to make them," answered Vane Fraser; "and, when I know how to make anything succeed, I could not let it fail."

The spirited answer delighted Sir Raye.

He looked more intently at the eager handsome face.

"So you live at the farm?" he said. "Do you like farming?"

"No: I detest it," answered Vane. "Nothing could ever make me a farmer."

"Why?" asked Sir Raye.

The boy looked thoughtful.

"I am not quite sure whether I understand myself why I dislike it," he answered.

"I do not care for the life; and another thing is, I am quite sure if I should like to wait so long for the result of my work as a farmer must wait.

"He sows, but he must wait a long time until he reaps.

"He must wait for the sun and the rain and the dew to perfect what he has done.

"I should like the work of my life to be that which I can begin and finish without long waiting."

"The secret of genius is patience," sighed Sir Raye.

The boy's face brightened.

"Ah, yes, I know! Of that patience I should have plenty. I make and remake a boat twenty—nay, a hundred times if needed.

"But I should not like to wait while bad weather ruined the crops. My mother has promised never to ask me to stay at home."

"What do you want to do then?" asked the man who had conquered all difficulties by his own industry.

"I want to be an engineer—to make railways, to build bridges.

"I should like to level mountains and to fill up valleys. I should like to have made the Suez Canal.

"The earth seems made for men to master and to work upon."

"You have strange ideas for a boy of your age," said Sir Raye. "How is it?"

"I was afraid you would think me strange," he replied shyly. "My mother says the same thing.

"I do not know why it is. My brother loves farm-work, and takes to it naturally.

"My mother says that I made bridges of bread-crumbs when I was quite a little child."

"You have a strongly-marked vocation," said Sir Raye.

"I wish I could believe so. If loving anything means having a vocation for it, then you are right," returned the boy.

Sir Raye looked at him very thoughtfully.

"Would you like to leave the farm, and study, so as to qualify yourself for the building of bridges?" he asked; and the boy's face brightened wonderfully.

"That is what I should like it if it could be!" he cried.

"We will think it over and talk about it," said Sir Raye; and then he left him.

CHAPTER II.

IN many parts of England one may find pretty picturesque farms embowered in trees like the Meadow Farm.

But in every farm-house one cannot find a genius.

And without doubt Vane Fraser was a genius—"born, not made."

Nature had been lavish in her gifts to this son of the people.

She had given him a handsome face, with a broad open brow, rounded at the temples and large frank, clear blue eyes, with a sweetness all their own.

It was a singular face, although a handsome one.

The upper part—the open brow, the clear eloquent eyes—was the face of a poet.

The lower part—the firm well-closed lips, the determined chin betokened great aptitude for business.

Nature had also given him a musical voice a cheery genial laugh, a manly well-knit figure, with broad chest and broad shoulders.

Yet these were the least of her gifts.

He had a poet's soul, and a quick, keen, loving appreciation of all that was beautiful.

Vane Fraser had ambition, which upheld his genius, and made it of great use to him.

He was out of place at the farm, where every one worked from sunrise to sunset, where ambition and enterprise were dead letters, and the quality most valued was stolid industry.

The household at the farm was limited. The father, Stephen Fraser, was a simple honest man who had not an idea outside his farm—to whom the rain and the sunshine, the frost and the warmth, made up the sum total of life.

He loved his wife and his children in a plain unaffected fashion.

He was a perfect type of the English tenant-farmer—learned in all matters that concerned the weather, the crops, and cattle, but utterly ignorant of life or the world outside the farm.

His younger son Vane he did not understand—indeed he had something like contempt for the boy who pored over books while every one else slept, and yet did not care to put his hand to the plough.

But, when he found that his son, by a simple invention of his own, lessened to some extent the labor of ploughing, his contempt was absorbed in admiration.

"He is not like the rest of us," he would say, alluding to Vane.

With wondering eyes he followed the boy's movements.

Vane invented a fastening for the gates, which the farmer never wearied of showing to his friends and praising.

In fact, the little farm was filled with his inventions.

There was not a wall, a gate, a door, or a window, that Vane had not in some way improved, altered, or repaired.

He had made the pretty path of stones over the brook.

He had designed a rough bridge that would save people walking a distance of two miles.

And the good homely father, plodding along contentedly at his plough, wondered how it was that he had so clever a son, and whence the boy had his talent.

The mistress of the Meadow Farm, Catherine Fraser, was superior to her husband.

She was a woman of great natural talent, but of little education.

It was from her that Vane inherited his genius.

The farmer had a great respect for his wife.

Her dairy was perfection, her house famous for its neatness.

Her butter was the richest, and her milk the sweetest, for miles round.

Had any one told the farmer that his wife had in her soul longings that were never gratified, wishes that found no utterance, thoughts that knew no words, he would have either refused to believe it or thought the person who told him so mad.

Catherine Fraser had one idol on earth, and it was the gifted son in whom her soul found voice.

The third important member of the household was bonnie bright Kate, the only daughter, whom both parents worshipped—the farmer, after a stolid fashion of his own.

The mother, with an unexpressed wish that the poetry and romance which had so completely failed in her own life might brighten that of her daughter.

Mrs. Fraser hoped great things from the genius of her son Vane.

She hoped still greater from the fresh bright beauty of her daughter Kate.

Kate was a village beauty, with a creamy clear brown skin, having the vivid hue of a damask rose, a mouth like a cleven rose, rippling black hair, and a strong, well-formed, symmetrical figure.

"Kate ought to do well," sighed the anxious mother.

"She ought to marry one of the richest farmers in the neighborhood. Even a young squire might do worse than marry one of the prettiest, brightest girls in the county, and one who understands a dairy thoroughly well."

The remaining member of the family was the eldest son, Desford.

He was a boy after his father's own heart.

He would plod patiently at the plough or the harrow, content to run in the same groove from year's end to year's end, all the beauty of the green earth and all the mysteries of life being sealed books to him.

It was a curious household, yet a common one.

The day came when Sir Raye Vibart gathered this little group around him, and made a proposition to them.

None of them ever forgot the scene or the hour.

Behind the farm-house stood a magnificent clump of lime-trees, the great green branches of which formed a beautiful shade.

And one evening, when the farmer was unusually good-tempered, he ordered the supper to be brought out and eaten there.

The evening air was fragrant with the newly-mown hay which lay in the meadows.

"It is so sweet," said the farmer, "that it seems a pity to lose even one breath of it."

So the brown bread, the golden butter, the foaming jug of cider were brought out.

Sir Raye, looking from a distance, thought he had never seen a more picturesque group the honest, simple farmer, with his sunburnt face and rugged figure, the comely bright-eyed wife, the beautiful young daughter, the gifted son, and the burly figure of Desford.

He went up to them.

The farmer ceased eating, and sat, glass in hand, mute with wonder.

It was so seldom that the lodger joined their little circle.

"It is Kate he wants to see," thought the simple mother; and Kate unconsciously smoothed her rippling hair as he drew near.

But Sir Raye had no eyes even for the fairest of maidens.

He never saw the dark beautiful face with its rich rose-like hue.

He took a seat by the simple farmer's side.

A large green bough hung so low that he was compelled to thrust it aside before he could see the group of faces.

"I am glad to meet you all together," he said.

"I have a proposition to make that it will be best for you all to hear."

"It has nothing to do with my pretty Kate," sighed the mother.

"If he wants me to buy a steam plough, I shall not do it," thought the farmer; while the beautiful face of the younger son flushed and paled.

"For some few days I have been thinking over what I have to say, and how I should best say it," said Sir Raye.

"You know that I leave you next week, strong and well, thanks to the bracing air and to your kind care."

Something like a murmur of regret came from the lips of the comely matron.

The farmer still held his glass in the air.

"You will follow me what I am going to say.

"You would think it a sad pity to shut up in a dark box, where its beauty and perfume would be lost, a flower with brilliant colors and sweet smell."

"To be sure," said the farmer, with a nod—"to be sure."

"If a bird has strong pinions, and can cut the air like a sharp knife with its wings, you would think it sad to shut up such a bird in a cage, where the strong wings could never expand."

"It would be cruel," said the farmer's wife, with unmistakable emphasis.

"In like manner," continued Sir Raye, "if a young man has great gifts, an artist's soul, a thirst for knowledge, talents that will make themselves known, the will and the power to raise himself high above his fellow-men, do you not think it quite as sad to see such a one tied down to some commonplace life?"

He saw the first faint dawn of awakening fear in the mother's face, the first flutter of pride and ambition.

He saw the first sign of disapproval in the face of the old farmer.

Instinct rather than reason told them what was coming.

"That is the case with your boy Vane," said Sir Raye.

"To your son has been given great talent. It would be cruel to tie him down to the routine of farm-life; for he has no taste for it, and never will have.

"Let him try his wings, let him fly away from the home nest, and work his way, which I prophesy will be a triumphant one and lead him to great honors. Now I make this offer.

I am a lonely man. In all the wide world there is not one creature who calls me kinsman; there is not one who loves or cares for me.

"I have no brother to be proud of the honors I have won, and I have no son to succeed me. I am alone in the world."

There was a ring of pain and passion in his voice which might have touched any one.

"My proposition is this," he resumed. "I see in Vane Fraser, your son, gifts and talents that will, if cultivated, make him a leader amongst men.

"Having no son of my own, I will adopt him.

"I will take him home with me, and educate him in those arts and sciences for which he has most taste.

"I will instruct him in my profession, for which he appears to have special aptitude. He shall be to me an adopted son. A grand career, a magnificent future lies open to him; but there are a few conditions to which his parents must consent before I can carry out my scheme."

"The conditions I wish to make," continued Sir Raye—"and you must think them over well before you decide as to their acceptance or rejection—are these. First, if your son leaves you at all, he leaves you for ever.

"After teaching, training, and looking upon him as my son, I could not tolerate the idea of his returning here and leaving me.

"He must give up home if he comes with me."

"That seems hard," said the farmer. And the mother shook her head slowly.

"Hard, I grant; still it is just. If I adopt him and bring him up as my son, I shall not care to know that some day he may leave me, and that all my trouble will have been in vain."

Vane's face grew pale, and his lips quivered.

He did not speak, but looked at his mother the whole time.

"I should treat him as though he were my own son; I should wish even that he would take my name.

"Let him be called Vane Fraser Vibart. Unless I am greatly mistaken in him, he will ennoble any name.

"Understand me rightly. I am neither cruel nor unkind. I do not for one moment say you are never to see the boy again, never to hear of or from him, or anything of the kind.

"He can write to you as often as he will: he can come and see you when he wishes. But to all intents and purposes you must give him up.

"If he acts as I believe he will, he will one day stand foremost in the ranks of men and then it might be to his disadvantage to have his origin known; it might in that case be against him."

The farmer in a low dull voice said—

"My son will never be ashamed of his parents."

"No," returned Sir Raye; "he need never be ashamed of you. But it is possible that, if he makes a great name in the world, his lowly origin may be against him. If you give me the boy at all, you must give him to me entirely.

"I am sure you will see the wisdom of it. I give you three days in which to consider; and then you can let me know your decision."

With these words by way of conclusion, he stood up, bowed, and moved away.

CHAPTER III.

THE leaves of the lime-trees quivered, the wind moaned softly, the flowers shook their little bells, and over the bright blue sky the shadows gathered.

The farmer was the first to break the silence.

"I will never sell my own child!" he cried.

"It is not a question of selling, father, for you gain nothing," remarked Kate.

"No child of mine shall ever learn to despise his mother and me," he went on.

"He need not despise us because he rises above us," said Kate.

The farmer turned to Vane.

"What do you say yourself, my son? Are you willing to go with this stranger, and leave us, your own father and mother, you know—your mother, who nursed you; your father, who has worked for you—to leave the home where you have never heard a cross word, where you have lived all your life?

"Are you willing to give it all up and go with this stranger?"

There was a rugged dignity about the farmer as he spoke.

"Stephen," put in his wife, "do not let us interfere. The boy has a chance that does not come to one in ten thousand. He is to be a gentleman; we will not stand in his way.

"Think what being a gentleman means. And he will not desert us; he will never be ashamed of us; if anything, he will help us in our old age.

"Think twice before you stand in his light, Stephen. Let us leave it to him; he can judge best for himself, he is not a child. Vane what do you think yourself? Tell us."

"Mother, I must have time. Nothing could take my love and duty from home; but—"

"But you want to try the strength of your own wings," said his mother, with a smile and a sigh.

"Think about it yourself, Vane, and decide for yourself. See, the sun has set; it is time we went in. We must be up by sunrise to attend to the hay."

But pretty Kate remained with her brother.

"Vane," she said, "go—go and be a gentleman. I wish some lady would offer in the same way to adopt me. I should not be long in deciding. Go and be a gentleman, Vane."

The two had walked to the end the of lime-trees, and stood looking over the white gate that gave access to the clover-fields.

"It would not be of much use for me to be a gentleman, Kate, if I could never come home to be one of you again."

"What would it matter about being one of us? You would be a gentleman; and in time you might marry Marjory Lynn."

The boy's face flushed.

"I must not think about Marjory Lynn," he said, "when I go out into the world to work."

"If you say, 'No,' Vane, you will be sorry for it all your life afterwards; of that I am quite sure. Be wise and be warned in time."

"But I really love home, Kate, and I love all of you. I shall not like to leave you."

"Think how much you could do to help us if you were a gentleman. You could keep father and mother without work. Desford could have the farm, and I—well, I could be a lady, Vane. Why should I not?"

"Leave me, Kate; I should like to think it over alone," he said. "Good-night, pretty sister; happy dreams!"

"Let me be a lady, Vane," she requested, as she kissed him and left him alone in the moonlight.

The whisper of the wind among the limes, the rustle of the long grass, the rush of the water in the mill-stream, the song of the birds, all came to him like long forgotten music—sweet familiar sounds that helped to make up what he called home; his father's kindly rugged voice, his mother's sweeter tones, and Marjory Lynn's musical laughter were mixed with them.

There came before him the quaint old-fashioned farm-house, with its home legends the Holwood Forest, the river Mead, and the grand old Bandon hills. How he loved them all!

His heart seemed to warm and to cling to them as it never could to any other place. Should he leave them for the great unknown world?

He loved his father—he understood his sterling honest and simplicity, his kindly rough manner—his mother too, with her gentle pride and loving heart.

He loved his pretty sister, and had a genuine affection for his brother.

Could he give them all up, and in all probability cut himself off from them?

If he said "No," how dreary and flat all the rest of his life would seem to him! He would do nothing but spend it at home in work that was most distasteful to himself and almost useless to others.

Yet, he thought, he would remain with those who loved him, safe in the haven of home.

Then the great gifts that Heaven had given to him stirred his soul, and he felt that he must go out into the world and use them.

It seemed to his excited fancy as though the whole world of nature stood still while he decided on what he should do with his life.

"Stay!" cried home-love.

"Go!" cried the voices of pride, and ambition; and the boy, listening to them, said to himself that he would "go."

His parents said little when he announced his decision; his father's hands trembled slightly, and his mother's face paled.

"You have the right to please yourself, Vane," said the old farmer. "You are going to be a gentleman. To my mind the truest gentleman in the world is the one who honors the place where Heaven has placed him. You will never be a gentleman in my eyes if you live to feel ashamed of your home and your kindred!"

"I never shall do that, father—never!" he answered proudly; while his mother looked at him with tender yearning in her eyes.

"For your own sake I am glad you are going," she said; "but my heart will be empty, Vane. I never knew how much I loved you or how proud I was of you until now. I know you will never forget us."

So Vane Fraser had decided his fate, and resolved on trying his strength.

Gravely enough the farmer and his wife waited on Sir Raye, to tell him that their son had made up his mind to accept his offer.

"I think," said Sir Raye Vibart, "he has decided most wisely. Such great talents are given to be used."

At the same time the emotion in the old farmer's face and the quivering lips of the mother touched him with keen pity and compassion.

There was a great deal of silent grief during the next few days at the farm. There were no preparations to make; Sir Raye had told them that as they went through London he would get all Vane required. And they quite understood what he meant—that nothing they could get for him would be of any use.

If the farmer's face was clouded, and his wife shed many tears, no one noticed it.

Desford, in his stolid, silent fashion, said nothing.

Kate was wildly excited because Vane was going to be a gentleman.

The prospect seemed to open vistas of delight to her.

The summer morning came when Vane rose early and went to the mill-stream, to the beautiful banks of the river, to Holwood Forest, and round the meadows, to say good-bye to each and all of the lovely familiar spots he had known from his childhood.

The time for his departure had come; and now he stood in a blaze of July sunlight, and bade good-bye to father and mother, sister and brother, kindred and home.

"You will be a gentleman when you come back, Vane," said Kate.

"Do not forget us!" cried his mother—and there was a ring of passionate pain in her voice. "Come back to us as good and as true as you leave us."

"You must make your own way now my boy," said the farmer. "I shall see of what metal you are made when we meet again."

There was a mist as of blinding rain before Vane's eyes as the old homestead disappeared from his gaze, and he turned his face to the new world which awaited him.

CHAPTER IV.

"WELCOME to Lulworth!" said Sir Raye Vibart. "I hope you will make your home here for many happy years."

The words were kind, and the boy's heart warmed to the speaker.

One sultry evening in July the travelers had reached home.

No surprise was expressed in Sir Raye's household when he brought home with him a youth who seemed at once to take the place of an adopted son.

Sir Raye never did the same as other people.

He was a genius; therefore it was impossible for to marry and be happy, or to have a son; he must, just because he was a genius, love unhappily, and adopt some one else's child.

Lulworth was a "revelation" to Vane Fraser; he had never dreamed of such a place.

It was a magnificent old country mansion, with oaken floors, oriel windows, corridors as large as rooms, stately towers, ivy-clad turrets, and grand terraces that sloped down to gardens filled with flowers; a mansion with an old-fashioned charm about it, yet furnished with modern luxury.

This superb abode was henceforward to be the home of the boy who had nothing to distinguish him save genius.

No wonder that he was a little dazed by his good fortune, and considered it a grand thing to be a genius.

Sir Raye was delighted with his new protege.

The boy was soon quite at home in the midst of his luxurious surroundings.

By no word or gesture did he betray himself.

He was quick and keen, and he waited always to see first what Sir Raye did at table, then he imitated him.

Before a week had passed, Vane knew as much of table etiquette as though he had lived at Lulworth all his life.

The consequence was that in no way did his behavior jar upon Sir Raye, who was one of the most fastidious of men.

Two pleasant rooms were set apart for Vane's use.

The privilege that he valued most, a place in Sir Raye's studio, was given to him.

He made wonderful progress, as his patron had foreseen.

He had already, in his studies at home, mastered all the rudiments of knowledge.

After a few lessons and a little patient teaching from Sir Raye he became of the greatest assistance to his master.

It pleased Sir Raye to see the thoughtful head bent over papers, plans, and designs of all kinds—Vane was so much like himself, so silent at his work, so absorbed in it, never interrupting it by an idle or careless word.

"You are more like a hermit at his devotions than a student at his lessons," said Sir Raye to him one day.

After a time he began to take a keen delight in the work of his protege.

"Give me your notion, Vane, of a bridge that should span a river with hills on either bank," he would say; "or show me something original, in the shape of a pier that is to run a half mile out to sea."

And then with proud delight he would examine his pupil's sketch.

"You will be more clever some day, Vane, than I have ever been," he said to him one morning.

"I shall owe everything to you, sir," was the grateful reply.

The year following, when the pressure of business had in some measure abated, Sir Raye resolved on taking his protege for a Continental tour.

Nothing, he was of the opinion, would educate him one half so quickly.

He would let him see some of the greatest bridges of the world, bridges that had been built in spite of almost insurmountable difficulties—let him see the triumphs of science, and how men could bring the very elements under control.

The greater part of a year was spent in travelling about, and they saw nearly every engineering work of magnitude.

When Vane returned with his patron to Lulworth, he was only nineteen years of age, but he was a man.

A fair moustache shaded the sensitive mouth, the clusters of fair hair had grown deeper in color.

The tall slender figure had in it the grace and strength of manhood, and his manners were perfect.

He was grave, kindly and courteous, deferential to all women, pleasant to all men.

Although only nineteen, the world had begun to talk about him.

He had taken a warm interest in the plan for connecting England and France by a tunnel under the sea.

He had pondered it, studied it, and lavished skill and genius on it.

One morning the scientific world was taken by surprise, for a pamphlet appeared called "The Best and Safest Way to France Under the Sea."

That little brochure made him quite famous.

Every one asked who had written it, and the answer was—

"Young Vibart."

No one mentioned that he was only an adopted son of Sir Raye's, and the world in general, careless enough, never stopped to inquire.

The general impression was that the rising genius of the day, "young Vibart," was the son of the famous Sir Raye.

Of the thousands who read his book, not more than twenty knew that he was not the real son of the master of Lulworth.

"Your way in life lies straight before you, Vane," said his patron; "it will be one quick march on to victory. You could do without me now, but I could never again live without you—without my adopted son—never again."

When flattering notices and honors were lavished upon Vane, Sir Raye gave him one more piece of advice.

"The world is ready enough to flatter you and to welcome you with open arms. Fight shy of it for a time; keep to study and to work. You will have invitations here and there, first to one great house and then to another; be steadfast and refuse all. The proper time in which a man should work is youth; rest and age should come together."

During all this time Vane had been home twice—once before he went abroad, and once after his return.

Everything was unchanged.

How mean everything appeared, to his eyes!

It seemed almost incredible that the homely farmer, with his rugged face, brown hands and working clothes, should be the father of the handsome distinguished looking man whose face was stamped with genius.

It seemed incongruous, and father and son both felt it to be so.

Thus there was a strange awkwardness and coldness between them.

The mother's heart broke down all barriers.

Let her son be twenty times a gentleman, still he was her son, and she should love him just as she did when he was only a child.

There was no awkwardness, no restraint with her.

She admired him and told him so.

She thought him the most handsome, the most distinguished, the greatest genius in the whole world.

To her wondering eyes there was no one like him.

She had nothing but the warmest love and the most profound admiration for him, her son.

Vane found his sister growing into one of the most beautiful girls imaginable.

Desford was as usual.

The young man had not gone home empty-handed.

He had spent much money in presents for them.

Not one member of the family was forgotten.

His gifts were not only numerous, but costly.

They made quite a gay place of the old farm-house.

His mother never tired of showing these treasures to her friends and acquaintances, and praising the good heart of her wonderful son.

So his visit home came and passed with the swiftness of a meteor.

It left nothing but bright and pleasant memories behind.

The second visit was paid when he returned from the Continent.

Then the distance between father and son had grown so great that nothing could bridge it over.

The old farmer seemed to stand somewhat in awe of his handsome talented son, whose hands were white and smooth, whose voice had musical inflections, unlike any other he had ever heard, and whose fine face had a light that he could not comprehend.

The mother was, as usual, all admiration and love.

The sister, rapidly growing into a beauty, looked forward to great help from her brother.

But that visit made the distance between Vane and his relatives greater than it ever was.

As time rolled on, a cloud hid his old home from his view, until nothing but the memory of it remained.

There was one duty he never forgot—to help his people in all their needs.

No quarter passed without his sending such a check as gladdened their anxious hearts.

That check increased in proportion as his studies and labors progressed.

CHAPTER V.

TEN years had passed since Sir Raye Vibart had adopted the boy whose genius had seemed too great to waste in solitude.

He often said to himself that Heaven had rewarded him for what he intended to be a good deed.

All over Europe the name of Vane Vibart was well known.

There was no country in which some of his gigantic enterprises had not succeeded.

Of late years all the work had fallen into his hands.

Sir Raye was failing in health.

He was paying the penalty of too much brain-work.

By degrees he put everything into the hands of his young protege.

They were together one morning in the pretty breakfast-room at Lulworth Hall, when the post-bag was brought in.

"Read the letters, Vane," said Sir Raye to him.

He knew that in none of them would there be any secrets.

The love of woman or child would never be and had never been for him.

"Read them to me, Vane," he repeated, slowly.

Vane obeyed him.

He waded through a mass of correspondence—letters in French, German, and Spanish.

He had spent his leisure hours in the study of modern languages, and had succeeded so well that he could write and converse in the most of them.

"A letter with a coronet," he said. "Who can this be from?"

He opened it, and then read it, all unconscious that he held his fate in his hands.

"Lord Audley, of Ulverscroft," he said. "Why, Ulverscroft is in Surrey, Sir Raye, is it not?"

"Yes. What does he want?" asked Sir Raye.

"The river Ulver runs through one part of his estate. It was not always a deep or a broad stream; but of late it has deepened and widened considerably.

"He says that the people used stepping-stones, and at times a small ferry-boat for crossing it; but now these methods are not available.

"He thinks that it would add much to the value of his property if a light, pretty, ornamental bridge were thrown across the river. He writes also that, owing to the shifting sand in the bed of the river, he thinks that it will be by no means easy of execution. He wishes you to go to Ulverscroft Hall and spend a week with him. Then you can see for yourself what is the best."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Tenant of the Cedars.

BY MARY E. PENN.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

"HOW can you be sure of it? I may be a madman and a murderer for all you know to the contrary," he retorted with a short, brusque laugh.

Then, with one of his sudden changes of manner, he threw down his knife, and turned upon me almost fiercely.

"Does a man destroy what he adores? I worshipped her—I would have died for her.

"And it was me—me! they accused of taking her innocent life. Fools that they were!"

With a passionate gesture of his clenched hands he turned from me and limped hurriedly away down the path.

I saw no more of him that evening, but he occupied a large share of my thoughts, both then and in the days which followed.

His presence seemed to add to the uncanny sort of fascination which the place possessed for me—something which at once repelled and attracted my imagination.

Yet if the place were haunted, it seemed haunted by nothing more terrible than the gracious memory of its late tenant, which pervaded every room, like a lingering echo, or a sweet faint perfume, giving it a melancholy and mysterious charm.

A fortnight passed away in uneventful tranquility.

I took long walks in the peasant Berkshire lanes; angled in the stream, lounged in the garden, and spent quiet evenings with my books.

I had seen nothing more of my landlord (a circumstance which I hardly regretted), and my only connection with the outer world was through my cheerful and obliging little maid, who brought my letters and papers every morning, and regaled me with scraps of village gossip.

I should thoroughly have enjoyed this "lotos-eating" existence but for the feeling of langour and depression which clung to me.

For the first time in my life I was conscious of nerves.

I felt restless and ill-at-ease, and my sleep was disturbed by troubled dreams from which I woke, "in the dead waste and middle of the night," trembling with some nameless fear.

One night when I had started awake in this uncomfortable fashion, finding it impossible to compose myself to sleep again, I half dressed, lighted a cigar, and took my seat near the open window.

The night was sultry and still.

The moon had set, but the sky was full of stars, and their faint, diffused light showed me the garden, the stream, and the shadowy park beyond.

The murmur of running water, scarcely heard by day, was distinctly audible in the silence, and now and then a languid breeze charged with the sweet aromatic odor which the sleeping earth breathes forth, just stirred the leaves and died away.

Was it in the magical stillness of such a night as this, I wondered, that Leonie Lestelle had sung her last song—that song which was never finished?

Her face rose up before me with strange distinctness, and I seemed to be listening once more to the clear, silvery sweet tones of her exquisite voice, which had a tender thrill, like the wooing note of a dove.

I recalled that when last I heard her sing—it was a private concert at Lady A——'s—she had chosen Beethoven's "Per pieta non dirmi addio!"

The words haunted me, their musical syllables settling themselves to the murmur of the breeze and the ripple of the stream.

I do not know how long I had been sitting thus when I was roused from my reverie by another sound, coming from the room beneath—the key of which had been in my own possession since the day of my arrival.

It did not at once arrest my attention, but stole upon me so gradually that I could not have told at what moment I first heard it.

I turned from the window and listened.

Was I dreaming, I asked myself bewilderedly, or did I hear the faint sweet tones of a woman's voice singing the very song which haunted my memory?

I started to my feet, and for a moment stood transfixed, paralyzed, by a fear such as I had never before experienced.

Recovering myself by an effort I took up the night-lamp and left the room.

I noiselessly descended the stairs, crossed the little tiled entrance-hall, and paused outside the door of the closed room.

My heart beat fast and thick and a creeping chill stirred the roots of my hair as I stood in the hush of the sleeping house, listening—to what?

The voice of Leonie Lestelle.

Faint and aerial as the notes of an Æolean harp; near, yet distant.

Sweet beyond words, but unutterably sad it thrilled through the silence, breathing with tender, passionate entreaty: "Ah, per pieta non dirmi addio!" I forgot to feel afraid.

I forgot even to wonder, as I listened with suspended breath to those entrancing notes, and when they ceased I stood, as if spell-bound, longing to hear more of the sweet, unearthly music.

At length, when the silence had lasted some moments, I ventured to open the door.

The room was dark and empty, the piano closed.

As I stood on the threshold looking round I felt a touch on my arm, and turning with a start, found Underwood at my side.

He had been watching me unperceived.

He beckoned me into the other room and closed the door before he spoke.

His face was flushed.

His eyes glittering with excitement, and a strange sort of triumph.

"You have heard it at last!" he breathed. "You know now that the sound is no 'delusion.'

"It is her voice that follows me night and day.

"Oh, my lady, my queen," he broke off, "why do you haunt me? What do you want of me?

"If you would but speak instead of mocking me with those sweet piteous songs of yours——"

He sank on to a chair near the table, burying his face in his hands.

I set down the lamp and took a seat at his side.

"When did you first hear it?" I asked involuntarily speaking in a whisper.

He looked up, pushing back the disordered hair from his forehead.

"Last summer. The first time it was but a faint thin sound, like a distant echo, but every day it grew clearer and nearer, seeming to float in the air around me.

"It is not only in the house that I hear it, but out of doors in broad day-light, as if she were flitting about the garden singing to herself as she used to do.

"Sometimes she calls me—'Jacques, Jacques!' and her sweet, low laugh sounds so close that I can't help turning, half expecting to see her at my side."

I shuddered.

"I wonder you have kept your senses!" I exclaimed.

"Do you think I am afraid of it? No—her voice is still to me what it always was, the sweetest sound on this side of heaven.

"It is only in spring and summer, during the months she lived here, that I hear it," he continued.

"It ceases at midnight on the first of September; breaking off in the middle of a song—the very song she was singing when—when it happened."

I glanced at his face, and something I saw there confirmed a suspicion which had already occurred to me.

"Underwood," I said suddenly, leaning forward with my arms on the table; "can you honestly assure me that you do not know or suspect who took her life?"

He looked at me fixedly a moment, then answered, in a tone of curious composure: "I have known all along."

I drew back, and stared at him.

"Then, why in heaven's name did you not speak at the time?"

"My lips were sealed by a promise."

"Given to whom? Who bound you to silence?"

"She did, with her last breath, that fatal night, when I found her, lying in the moonlight, with her life ebbing away from the wound.

"She saw in my face that I guessed who had struck the blow, and with all the strength that was left in her she implored—commanded me never to tell.

"It was her husband—for she was married, though the world did not know it.

"I have kept the secret so far, but I feel that if I don't share it with someone, I shall go mad in earnest.

"It is eating my heart away. I dare not break my vow, but you shall know the truth."

"From whom? How shall I know it—and when?"

He rose and pushed back his chair, pointed over his shoulder, then bent his lips to my ear.

"Watch with me in that room on the night of the first of September, and you shall learn the secret."

Before I could speak again, he was gone.

* * * * * *

The last week of August was stormy and wet.

Summer took flight hurriedly, scared by the wild gales and heavy rain which stripped the branches and laid the flowers low.

The green arcades of the park were dank and drippling.

The sunny glades, forlorn; the avennes carpeted with fallen leaves, and the little river, transformed from a stream to a torrent, had overflowed its banks, inundating the lower end of the Cedars lawn, and carrying away the hand-rails, and some planks of the bridge.

The tempestuous weather culminated on the first of September.

From dawn till dark the wind blew and the rain fell "as they would never weary;" but in spite of both, I was abroad all the afternoon, being in a restless, excited mood which would not allow me to remain between four walls.

The light of a stormy sunset was fading into dusk when I returned through the park, tired and wet, after a long tramp through miry country lanes.

As I emerged from the plantation which bordered the stream, I was surprised to see Sir Philip Ranstone, who was standing on the bank, near the bridge.

Buttoned up with an ulster he leaned against a tree, smoking, in serene indifference to wind and rain, with a large black retriever at his feet.

The dog started up as I approached, barking violently, and Sir Philip turned.

"Ah! good evening, Mr.—a—Wilford," he said, coming towards me.

"Awful weather, isn't it? But I see you defy the elements, like myself."

"I was tired of staying indoors," I explained.

"I should think so, you must be bored to extinction in that dull hole, with no company but your own."

"I am fond of my own company," I said, smiling. "I am never bored when alone."

He glanced at me with languid curiosity.

"Really. H'm—I can't say as much. I think in your place I should be ready to fraternise with Underwood—bear as he is—in default of other society."

"Underwood and I are very good friends Sir Philip. I find he improves on acquaintance."

"There is room for improvement," was his comment.

"By the way," he continued, knocking the ash from his cigar, "I should very much like to know whether he is the author of an absurd report which has only lately reached my ears—that The Cedars is haunted. It struck me that it might be an ingenious device of his to keep tenants away."

I shook my head.

"I am quite sure that he has never told—I mean that he has never spread such a report."

He turned and looked at me.

"You seem to think there is some truth in it," he remarked.

I felt no inclination to take him into my confidence, and stooped to stroke his dog without replying.

"Am I to conclude from your silence that you do?" he persisted, with an ironical smile.

"Come, Mr. Wilford, you don't mean to tell me that you, a man of the world, and a lawyer to boot, actually believe in ghosts?"

I hesitated a moment, then looked up.

"I believe in the evidence of my own senses," I said quietly.

"You excite my curiosity," he sneered. "What unanny thing have you seen, I wonder?"

"I have seen nothing; it is a sound which haunts the house."

"A sound?" he repeated, with a quick change of tone. "What sort of a sound is it?"

"A voice," I said, slowly. "The voice of the ill-fated girl who met her death beneath its roof."

The cigar fell from his hand.

"Good heavens!" he breathed. "What do you mean? It is not——"

"Yes, Sir Philip; it is the voice of Leonie Lestelle. I have heard her singing as plainly as I heard you speak just then."

He looked at me blankly, the color fading from his face, and his dark eyes dilating till they seemed all pupil.

Recovering himself, however, he stooped to pick up his cigar, and burst into a scornful laugh.

"Preposterous! you must have been dreaming, or else it is some trick of Underwood's."

"Could Underwood imitate such a voice as hers? Besides—he has heard it himself. It has haunted him for the last two years."

Sir Philip drew in his lips, and was silent a moment.

"That is strange," he said, at length. "Why should it haunt him, of all people, unless—" he glanced at me significantly—"unless there is some foundation for the suspicion which still clings to him."

"I am quite sure there is none," I answered, warmly.

"Other people do not share your conviction," was his reply.

"It is because no one in the neighborhood would give him the shelter of a roof that I have allowed him to remain at the cottage.

"However, he will soon have to find fresh quarters, for I am determined to have the house pulled down.

"Haunted or not, it is a gloomy, ill-omened place."

And, indeed, it looked so at this moment, with the shadows of the stormy twilight gathering round it, and a white mist rising, wraith-like, from the stream.

He stared at it moodily, pulling the long ends of his moustache.

"Where did you hear the—the sound?" he asked, after a pause. "In what part of the house?"

"In the room where the tragedy occurred."

He shivered slightly, and threw away his half-smoked cigar.

"The probability is that you had been thinking of that horrible affair, and imagination did the rest.

"As to Underwood, everyone knows he is half-mad.

"Anyhow, you will oblige me by keeping the story to yourself.

"I will wish you good evening now," he continued, glancing at his watch; "or, rather, good-bye, for I am going abroad in a few days, and shall probably not see you soon again."

He bowed without offering me his hand, whistled to his dog, and walked away.

* * * * * *

Dusk deepened into dark, and the wind instead of subsiding, seemed to increase in violence as the night advanced.

The fierce, fitful gusts came sweeping down upon the house, as if bent on unroofing it.

Now swelling to a roar which made the walls vibrate, then dying away in a long eerie wail.

Towards midnight the rain ceased, and the clouds, rent and scattered by the wind, drifted apart like fragments of a torn veil, leaving a space of clear, violet-dark sky, in which the moon rode serenely.

Her light touched the brimming stream with silver, and flecked the lawn with fantastic shadows of the tossing trees, giving something of wild poetry to the scene.

Underwood and I were in the second hour of our strange vigil, which so far, had been uninterrupted.

I sat near the window.

My companion on a low chair at the farther end of the room, his elbows on his knees, his forehead resting on his hands; both of us silent and motionless.

The room was unlighted, and both door and window were shut.

The atmosphere was close and heavy, and at length, feeling suffocated, I rose and opened the long window, admitting a rush of chill, damp air.

I stood for a moment looking out at the wild night, and as I glanced towards the bridge, I thought I distinguished a man's figure in the act of crossing it—a figure which, even at that distance, seemed familiar.

And yet—what could bring Sir Philip to the place at this untimely hour?

I was still straining my eyes through the shadows, when a movement to my companion made me turn hastily from the window.

The moonlight showed me that he had risen, and stood grasping the back of his chair, gazing with a look of awe-struck expectation towards the door.

My heart began to throb with the same mysterious dread which I had experienced before.

As I held my breath to listen, a faint rustling sound struck my ear, like the soft "frou-frou" of a woman's dress.

It crossed the room from the door to the piano, passing close to me—so close, that I involuntarily drew back, thrilling in every nerve.

There was a pause, filled by wailing wind and rushing water, then—near to us, yet immeasurably distant, like a divine echo from another world, the solemn, spiritual voice arose.

This time both words and music were English, and there was a ring of passionate pain in its tone which brought the tears to my eyes as I listened.

All the anguish of a breaking heart seemed to find expression in "The Song of Love and Death."

"Sweet is true love, tho' given in vain, in vain!
And sweet is death, who puts an end to pain;
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I."

In the interval after the first verse I caught the sound of footsteps approaching up the gravel walk, and presently, a figure appeared at the window, darkly outlined against the moonlit background.

I had not been mistaken; it was Sir Philip.

Underwood, whose head was turned towards the piano, did not notice the visitor, nor did the latter appear to perceive that the room was occupied.

After a moment's hesitation, he pushed back the lace curtains and noiselessly entered—or was about to enter; but, in the very act of crossing the threshold, he stopped short and recoiled, for at the same moment the song was resumed

"Love, art thou bitter? then bitter death must be:
Love, thou art bitter! sweet is death to me.
Oh Love, if death be sweeter——"

There was a sudden break; a quick, short, gasping cry.

Involuntarily I glanced towards the watcher at the window.

He stood as if turned to stone, and his face, livid in the moonlight, looked like a mask of fear.

There was a silence of several moments—silence within and without, for the fitful wind was hushed,

The voice sank to a broken, inarticulate murmur, and died away in a long, shuddering sigh.

Then all was still.

After a moment, Underwood passed his hand over his eyes, then turned to speak to me.

But at the same instant he caught sight of Sir Philip, and, with a hoarse cry of mingled rage and triumph, sprang forwards to the window, and seized him by the throat.

"Villain! traitor! murderer!" he uttered in a breathless tone of concentrated passion.

"I have spared you too long. By heaven, you shall not escape me now!"

Startled by the unexpected attack, Sir Philip staggered backwards and would have fallen, if he had not caught at one of the rustic pillars of the verandah.

Recovering himself, however, he shook off his assailant, and casting a wild, panic-stricken glance around, darted across the lawn.

The gardener hurried in pursuit, and I mechanically followed, feeling as if all the events of the night were part of a wild and troubled dream.

In spite of his lameness, Underwood gained on the other, and was close behind him when he reached the gate.

Sir Philip quickened his pace and hurried over the bridge.

But when half-way across it, his foot caught in one of the loose planks.

He stumbled, put out his hand blindly in search of the missing rail, lost his balance, and fell headlong into the deepest part of the stream.

I uttered a cry of dismay, and dashed on to the bridge, where Underwood was standing, his hair disordered by the wind, staring blankly down at the spot where the baronet had disappeared.

The latter rose to the surface some yards below the bridge, struggling helplessly against the headstrong current.

The moonlight gleamed for a moment on his white face, showing the look of terror and anguish imprinted on it—a look which haunts me still.

"Underwood!" he gasped; "you can swim—help! save me."

For all reply, the gardener deliberately folded his arms, looking down at him with a dreadful smile.

"Surely you will not let him drown before your eyes!" I exclaimed; "remember vengeance is not yours. Save him——"

"Not if I could do it by lifting a finger," was his stern reply.

I said no more, perceiving that my words would have no more effect on him than the wind which was raving above our heads.

I turned, and was hurrying away, in the faint hope of being able to give aid from the bank, when, without otherwise changing his position, he put out a hand and grasped my wrist, holding it as in a vice.

"Stay where you are," he said, in a stern imperative undertone. "It is just that he should perish—a life for a life!"

But even as the words passed his lips, his grasp suddenly relaxed.

He dropped my wrist and stepped back a pace from me.

Glancing at his face I saw in it a change so extraordinary that it arrested my attention even in the midst of my excitement.

He was gazing intently at something in the space between us.

Something which was visible to himself alone, for to me there seemed only air and moonlight.

What did he see?

What was it that brought that look of mingled awe and rapture to his dark face, transfiguring every feature?

He gazed steadily for a moment, then bowed his head as if in assent.

"So be it, dear angel," he whispered; "I will do your bidding—if it is not too late."

Without another word he threw off his coat and plunged into the stream.

A few vigorous strokes brought him to the spot where the baronet had sunk for a second time.

He dived, and presently reappeared supporting him with one muscular arm, while with the other he struck out for the bank.

But his movements were impeded by Sir Philip, who clung to him with the convulsive energy of a drowning man.

"If you value your life, loose my arms! How can I swim, hampered like this?" I heard Underwood cry, as the swift current swept them on past a turn of the stream. I hurried along the bank, but it was some moments before I caught sight of them again.

The gardener was still struggling in a desperate but ineffectual effort to shake off the frantic clasp which was dragging them both under water.

As I stood watching them with breathless anxiety, a passing cloud veiled the moon, and for a moment blotted out the scene.

In that brief interval of darkness a wild despairing cry rose above the rushing of the river and the roaring of the wind. When the moon looked forth again they had sunk to rise no more.

* * * * * * *

The bodies of the two men, still closely locked together, were found, entangled in water-weeds, some yards lower down the stream.

The account I gave of the accident was confirmed by the condition of the bridge, and my statement that Underwood had perished in endeavoring to save his master, caused a complete revulsion of feeling towards the gardener, who having been shunned as a criminal during his life-time, was honored as a hero after his death.

What brought Sir Philip to the cottage that night remained a mystery to all but myself.

Immediately after the inquest I returned to town, feeling no inclination to remain in a place haunted by such terrible associations. I have never revisited Ranstone, nor until now have I ever disclosed what I know concerning the beautiful but ill-fated Tenant of The Cedars.

[THE END.]

Can Nothing Save Her.

BY JOHN J. M'COY.

THE little episode which is here related in the form of a story took place at Avignon, in France, in the year 1793; and though a very short one, the divine strength and courage displayed by the noble and youthful Clothilde is worth ten years of heroism.

An immense crowd had gathered together in this ancient city to assist in, or at least to witness, the punishment of two unfortunate victims, who, like so many others, had been condemned to suffer death by the revolutionary tribunal.

In the public square was the scaffold, on which stood the executioner, who was conducting himself with a levity horrible to witness.

This man was positively hideous.

His barbarous delight and cruel hardened manner inspired still more disgust and horror than his fearful trade.

He smiled complacently as he looked around upon the preparations for punishment.

He seemed to be saying to the spectators—

"I am going to throw the heads at you, and I shall have the greatest of pleasure in doing so."

Nothing more frightful, more unworthy, had stained this period, when, under the burning sun of liberty, so much that was glorious, and, at the same time, so much that was awful, burst forth, all of a sudden, upon this distracted land.

No one knew where this man had come from.

The most sinister reports had been circulated as to his history.

Those duties, which, till now, had only been performed by constraint, were conferred upon him as a favor, and at his own request.

There had even been some hesitation about granting his demand at first, for the marks of vice, so plainly visible in his ferocious features, could only inspire terror and disgust.

It was considered to be doing this man an honor appointing him to the post of executioner.

He was now on the scaffold playing with his instruments of death.

Meanwhile, the victims approached.

They were accompanied on their passage to the scaffold by a double line of the guards.

Behind them were the people.

The air resounded on every side with the voices and cries of the people.

There were oaths, jests, cries of rage, and horrible songs of revelry repeated and echoed in bitter irony by thousands of cruel voices.

This confused air rolled through the air like a thunder-storm.

It froze some hearts with terror, while it only redoubled the fire of political fever in others.

But, strange to relate, no sooner did the two victims make their appearance than the fierce yells of the spectators died away.

As they advanced it ceased altogether.

When they arrived at the fatal spot, one would have thought that this dense mass of people, so lately agitated by the most violent excitement had been all at once struck dumb and motionless, so deep and solemn was the silence that succeeded the deafening confusion and strife of tongues.

This awful stillness was more dreadful to bear than the uproar which had preceded it.

The reason of this strange and sudden change was that the victims were so interesting and beautiful.

They were Clothilde and her mother.

The mother was still in the full bloom of her beauty.

This beauty borrowed a new and heavenly charm from her sorrow.

For, entirely occupied with the thought of her daughter, and grieving over her untimely fate, she never dreamt of her own, and appeared totally ignorant that those terrible preparations were also meant for her.

This mother, so interesting to the compassionate eyes of humanity, was guilty in those of the political world.

Every one pitied her as they gazed upon her, yet they understood the sentence of condemnation that had been passed upon her!

But Clothilde, before what tribunal could she possibly be guilty?

What sin had she committed against her country?

She, who was only an object of blessing and love before God and her parents!

She, so beautiful, so gentle and so very young!

Even the crowd could distinguish the noble feelings which marked the maternal character.

They also discovered something aristocratic and proud in her nature.

It was easily seen that this enemy whom the Republic had proscribed belonged to the ranks of the feudal aristocracy, the friends of emigration.

In the daughter the only visible trait was that of filial devotion.

It shone forth on her features alone and unmingled.

It was so beautiful at this fatal moment that at the sight of this gentle girl the strongest and fiercest men shuddered with grief and admiration.

Clothilde, generally timid and retiring, at that awful time was granted sufficient courage to support and to cheer up her mother.

She feared that her mother might inwardly reproach herself for having dragged her to her fate.

To deliver her from this bitterness she appeared proud to die.

Thus, if the mother displayed weakness, it was for her daughter.

If the daughter showed strength and bravery, it was for her mother.

Every heart was softened and melted with pity.

So much youth, beauty and virtue made those fierce "patriots" pause for an instant and remember that they were men.

The word "pardon" trembled on many of their lips.

But the sentence was irrevocable—the victims had already approached the scaffold.

The man of whom we have already spoken had also cast his eyes upon them.

The victims had met his glance, and at the first sight of him, the daughter, pale with fear, had pressed her mother to her heart.

Trembling for Clothilde, the mother almost fainted, but her daughter supported and encouraged her.

Clothilde gazed at the man, and in his glance those two opposite natures spoke to each other.

The man shuddered.

The sight of so much virtue dazzled and bewildered him.

He admired it.

He felt proud of experiencing this noble sentiment, which all his life long had never been revealed to him.

And while he admired, he also pitied.

For pity had seized the heart of every spectator, and as if by electric communication, it had penetrated even into his.

Those feelings, which were so new to him, threw him into a kind of stupor, and this man of terror remained motionless on the theatre of death.

He gazed on the young girl, who was so bravely trying to sustain her mother's courage, and who had eyes for no one but her.

He heard the sobs and sighs of the crowd and a murmur go through the whole place, which seemed to say—

"Can nothing save her."

Then a thought came from this man's heart.

He leaped from the scaffold.

The people guessed his meaning and applauded him.

He approached Clothilde and tried to speak, but a feeling, till then unknown, froze his tongue to the roof of his mouth.

At last, making a violent effort, and encouraged by the cheers of the crowd, he spoke.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "the law permits a good patriot to save his future wife. Pardon my boldness, but will you be my wife? Say 'yes,' and you are saved."

Clothilde glanced at her mother, pale and terror-stricken with the blow which was about to strike her daughter.

She gathered new strength from this look.

"Would you save my mother also?" she asked, turning her beautiful eyes upon the man.

Yes, she spoke those brave words with a firm voice, and she looked at this fierce man without any fear, and with an ineffable gentleness which went to his very heart.

The question was as much as to say, "I know you; I understand you; I see you such as you are. I see the stains of the blood you have shed on your hands—on your very features. But if you can save my mother, I will be your wife. I will put my hand in yours, and share the horrors of your infamous life. If you will save my mother, I shall accept you for my husband, and do my best not to die with grief. I will unite my life to yours; I will swear to love you, and I will do so; I will swear to obey you, and I will keep my oath. I will submit to this daily, hourly, life-long punishment. I will submit to it, I will bless it, if you will save my mother."

All this was expressed, though the words did not pass her lips, for her eyes spoke volumes.

The fierce man of blood answered, in a voice timid and gentle as that of a child.

"I can only save you," were his words.

Freed then from the frightful strait into which this man's thoughts had plunged her and held her captive for a few moments Clothilde forgot it—she forgot the crowd—everything but her mother.

She saw no one but her, and thought only that they were about to join the angels in heaven above, where all their sorrow and suffering would be at an end, and where all their tears would be wiped away.

THE COFFEE CUP AS A BAROMETER.—If, in sweetening your coffee, you allow the sugar to dissolve without stirring the liquid the globules of air contained in the sugar will rise to the surface of the liquid. If these globules form a frothy mass, remaining in the centre of the cup, it is an indication of duration of fine weather; if, on the contrary, the froth forms a ring round the sides of the cup, it is a sign of heavy rain; variable weather is implied by the froth remaining stationary, but not exactly in the centre.

Scientific and Useful.

GAS.—The possibility of obtaining illuminating gas in considerable quantities from the manure of cows and horses has been demonstrated to the French Academy of Sciences. The process does not lessen the value of the fertilizer.

WINDOW SILL.—An improved window-sill is now furnished which is designed to prevent the dripping of rain or wash-water making two blackened streaks down on the bricks from the corner of the sill, and spoiling the appearance of handsome dwelling fronts. In the improvement the whole sill is cut away and slanted at such an angle as to carry off the rain drops from its full width instead of leaving the corners to collect the rain channel.

WHITEWASH.—Ordinary whitewash, as frequently used, has very little effect except to disfigure the trees. To destroy the insects and eggs hidden in the crevices of the trees, very much stronger applications have to be used. Soft soap reduced to the consistency of a thick paint, with the addition of a strong solution of washing soda, makes one of the most lasting washes. A solution of one pound of commercial potash in from two to four gallons of water, is also very good.

SLATE.—Slate for roofing originally costs per square, $4.50, and lasts at least sixty years; boards costs $2, and last eight years; shingles cost $4, and last twelve years; corrugated iron costs $6, and lasts twenty years, and tin costs $8.50, and lasts twenty years. Making the average cost per annum as follows: Slate, 7½ cents; boards, 25 cents; corrugated iron, 30 cents; tin, 32½ cents, and shingles, 33⅓ cents. Making slate, without reference to other considerations than original cost and life, almost four times cheaper than boards, more than four times cheaper than corrugated iron and tin, and nearly five times cheaper than shingles.

SURGICAL LAMPS.—A small incandescent lamp with a portable electric battery, has been invented. The apparatus is intended to be used in surgery for the illumination of cavities in the body. Many operations in surgery are difficult or impossible on account of the impossibility of lighting up the cavity to be operated upon. With this instrument, combined with the laryngoscope, the throat may be explored to a greater depth than heretofore has been deemed possible. The lamp will be very useful also in dental surgery. It is very small, hardly larger than the head of a pencil. It has even been proposed to use the light for the purpose of photographing cavities of the body. The whole apparatus is about the size of a cigar box.

Farm and Garden.

WEEDS.—The only safe plan for killing weeds and saving labor is to destroy them when they are young. If allowed to grow too large the work will not only be harder but cannot be done effectually.

HAWKS.—The best method of catching hawks is by affixing steel traps to posts, as the hawks usually alight on a post in preference to anything else, in order to look around before selecting their prey.

SHELTER.—Shelter saves fodder, wherever lumber can be easily obtained, to a degree which few practical men are aware of. The warmer the stables are, the better, except perhaps for sheep. But with close, warm stables, it is essential that the manure heap should be where it will not contaminate the air, and that there should be perfect ventilation, so arranged as not to cause drafts of air.

FLOWERS.—All lovers of flowers should remember that one blossom allowed to mature or go to seed injures the plant more than a dozen new buds. Cut your flowers all of them, before they begin to fade. Adorn your rooms with them; put them on your tables; send bouquets to your friends who have no flowers, or exchange favors with those who have. You will find that the more you cut off the more you will have. All roses, after they have ceased to bloom, should be cut back, that the strength of the root may go to forming new roots for next year.

MOULTING.—Moulting is simply shedding old feathers. Feed liberally, giving both the egg food and tonic. Warmth is one of the best remedies for all diseases, especially roup. Pip, or a thickening of the membrane of the tongue near the tip impedes breathing and sometimes suffocates, especially chicks. Clip off the end with a pair of scissors, if an extreme case, and give the bird a good mouthful of butter or lard, to which a few drops of coal oil are added. Bowel disease other than cholera may be treated in this manner. Use castor oil for constipation, and castor oil with a drop or two of laudanum for diarrhœa. Always give clean water free from filth.

LAYERING A ROSE-BUSH.—A Rose-bush may be layered with little trouble, and it will be found an interesting recreation to increase one's plants of desirable varieties in this manner; skill will be acquired by experience, and in a short time every attempt will result successfully. Make a narrow trench three or four inches deep where a good well-grown shoot can be bent into it. After blooming, in June, cut a slit in the shoot selected at the point where it will touch the soil, press some soil into the cut, bend the cane down to the bottom of the trench and fasten it there with some pegs, and cover it well with soil. By fall it will be a rooted plant and can be cut away and transplanted.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 30, 1884.

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"ONE MOMENT."

"One moment!" is all that pain can demand of us. We suffer a moment at a time, not a whole day at once, much less a whole year.

If a poor fellow can but grapple with his pain for a moment and conquer, who knows but that he may have commenced a series of victories which shall virtually render him in time complete master of the situation.

"One moment!" is all of care or anxiety that can ever be demanded of us. You have endured the past, and done with it. The future may never come.

Hence, you have only to keep the watch of care for the moment. It is the vigil of the instant that makes or breaks a man. The fog may lift in the next moment, and then you can take your rest.

"One moment!" is the sum total of temptation to do wrong. It is a curious fact that even the first moment of temptation is the most severe, as a rule, and the most critical.

He who can resist that first rush of the avalanche, may reasonably expect to escape altogether. As the French say, "It is the first step that costs;" the rest are comparatively easy.

The decisions of life are finally made in a moment. You sign your name, you step on board to cross the ocean, you avow your love, you make bargains, you die.

One moment is amply sufficient for each. So small a speck of time is sufficient for acts on which the most momentous issues depend.

How often has it happened that "Hold on one moment more!" has saved the fortunes of an almost despairing man.

And many a one who has too soon given up the struggle, has afterwards found that one moment more of courage and endurance would have brought him the victory. But he let go his hold—just one moment too soon. Never lose heart, then, while there is hope.

It is an old growl of the discontented that all our pleasures are momentary. For my part I am glad of it. I like music. Sometimes it is almost an intoxication of the soul. It thrills and excites me from head to foot.

But could I cram into one hearing all the musical sensations of a lifetime and not go crazy? The thrill of physical and mental pleasure is ministered to us as we can bear it.

This is necessary, "else the vessel would break," and life would be destroyed. If any one attempts to steal more than a momentary pleasure, nature either breaks down, or mercifully deadens the sensations. We are incapable of enjoying beyond a certain limit.

After all, when a circumstance arises to which we may or may not give a moment's attention, we should remember it is all any man has to give.

In a moment one may wreck or save a life. Our humor is kept in the small casket of a moment. We are creatures of moments. Let us see that we spend them wisely. Take care of the moments—the years will take care of themselves.

SANCTUM CHAT.

He knows very little of mankind who expects, by any facts or reasoning, to convince a determined party man.

—

The mortality of the globe, as given by a continental journal, which has made the computation, is as follows: Per minute, 67; per diem, 97,790; and per annum, 35,639,835, whereas the births are 36,792,000 per annum, 100,000 per diem, and 70 per minute.

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In Russia the sphere of usefulness open to women physicians scarcely exceeds that of skilled nurses. They are permitted only to treat the diseases of women and children. Apothecaries, moreover, are forbidden to put up prescriptions coming from a woman.

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In 1883 Great Britain had 550 war vessels, France 356, the United States 139, and Germany not quite 100. Great Britain had 4,980 naval officers, France 6,649, the United States 2,033, and Germany 682. The British navy costs $51,800,000 a year, the French $41,000,000, the American $18,100,000, and the German $11,164,000.

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The librarian of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York is thus quoted: "We are now keeping open on Sunday afternoon and evening, and the library at such times is well patronized; we give out no fiction, but restrict the reading to more substantial matter, such as the Bible, history and theological treatises. There is a demand for light reading, but we do not respond to it."

—

Few people reflect upon the fact that the Indians are the richest landholders in the United States. There are 287,000 of them, exclusive of the Alaska Indians, holding 151,397,768 acres of land. Some of the tribes own 3,000 acres per Indian. The average is about one square mile to each Indian, while a white man is not allowed to pre-empt more than one hundred and sixty acres of the public land.

—

People are apt to laugh at old ladies and other timid persons who always expect guns to "go off of themselves." This mental attitude may have its weak side, but it is at all events safer than the condition of mind which tempts men, women and children to play with loaded firearms. Every man who has anything to do with guns, should teach his children, from their cradle, that firearms are never on any account to be pointed in the direction of any human being.

—

The wave of popular decorative art, says a writer in one of our monthlies, has broken over us and receded. With it have gone the sticks and straws of incompetency. Away floats many a fond illusion of whilom artists, who have reluctantly lived to see their blurred ideals piled high on the cupboard shelf, or bestowed upon the married maid-servant intending housekeeping. Torn from the pedestal where so long it stood upon one weary leg, the immemorial stork has gone down the stream in company with sunflowers and apple blossoms in every stage of experimental presentment. In plain words, the decorative "craze" has had its day. Amateurs no longer creep in where artists dare not tread. The legitimate adorners of our homes breathe a long sigh of relief. The field is theirs. What happily remain with us of the stimulating period just past are a more enlightened taste in all these matters, and a more impartial understanding of æsthetic law.

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Hook the fingers of the hands together; raise the elbows as high as the shoulders, and pull hard. The muscles about the shoulder blades, to keep them in place, are thus strengthened, and in a short time enabled to fill their proper office. If lying on the back press the head on the pillow so as to raise the chest up from the bed on which you are reclining. This strengthens the muscles that should hold the head erect. If standing or sitting where the head can press against something solid, repeat the operation. By a little thought at other times to use these muscles the difficulty may be overcome.

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At a public meeting, held recently in London, several clergymen spoke in support of the subjoined resolution which was unanimously adopted: "That this meeting, having in view the increasing intellectual needs of the rising generation, by reason of improved education, deems it desirable to make every possible provision for the encouragement and instruction of those who are to form our future citizens; and, while discountenancing any effort to make Sunday other than a day of rest and leisure, would maintain that the Sunday afternoon opening of the national collections would prove a never-failing source of instruction and recreation to the people."

—

A writer on health very justly condemns lounging, in which a large number of persons indulge, as injurious to health. He says: "An erect bodily attitude is of vastly more importance to health than is generally imagined. Crooked bodily positions, maintained for any length of time, are always injurious, whether in a sitting, standing or lying posture, whether sleeping or waking. To sit with the body leaned forward on the stomach or on one side, with the heels elevated to a level with the head, is not only in bad taste, but exceedingly detrimental to health. It cramps the stomach, presses the vital organs, interrupts the free motions of the chest, and enfeebles the functions of the abdominal and thoracic organs, and in fact unbalances the whole muscular system. Many children become slightly humpbacked or severely round-shouldered by sleeping with the head raised on a high pillow. When any person finds it easier to sit or stand, or walk or sleep in a crooked position than a straight one, such a person may be sure his muscular system is badly deranged, and the more careful he is to preserve a straight or upright position, and get back to nature again, the better."

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A well-known Paris picture dealer has just published an interesting and useful pamphlet on Sham Old Masters. He says that the commonest mode of counterfeiting an old picture is to cover a new one—painted, of course, for the purpose—with a certain transparent paste, which, when exposed to slight artificial heat, cracks and becomes brown. If a sufficiently venerable tint has not been produced, the canvas is washed with a mixture of lamp-black and licorice juice. The picture is next exposed for some hours to the smoke of a wood fire, and, the loose soot having been brushed away, is rubbed here and there with a rag which has been dipped in a very dilute sulphuric acid. This operation gives a mouldy appearance to those parts which have been touched. The work is finally sprinkled by means of tooth brush and a hairpin with minute spots of solution of sepia in gum water, to imitate fly specks, and it is then ready for the market. Signatures are imitated by experts, who are known as monogrammists, and who devote their exclusive attention to such matters; and one of these men, who died recently, and was known to be the author of the pamphlet, confessed to the forgery of no fewer than 11,000 signatures of the Italian masters alone, and said he had for years made a large income by the exercise of his art.

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Most amusement enterprises in the past few years have at least one good story-writer connected with them. Before the season opens he writes up half a dozen or more startling items of a nature to interest the general public, and of various lengths, always taking care to mention the name of the show several times in the course of the article. In the case of a theatrical troupe he will describe a robbery of jewels, the punishment of a dude who has insulted one of the lady members, etc.; or if the concern to be advertised is a circus, a lion will escape and be captured after extraordinary exertions; a canvas man turns out to be a British nobleman in disguise, or the elephants will fight. When these articles are written up they are carried to any printing office and printed on soft paper in the general style of a newspaper column. A column of market reports is printed on the back of this slip, and when its edges are scissored in a careless, zig-zag style, the finished work has all the appearance of a truthful article clipped from a legitimate newspaper. The majority of printing offices do more or less of this work. The advance agent of the show is well supplied with these bogus clippings, and takes care to leave one of them with every amusement editor in the town which he is working. The consequence is, the article is widely copied; that sort of matter is eagerly read, and the readers flock to the show, in order to see the lion that escaped, the pugnacious elephants, or the insulted leading lady.

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A curious theory has been started by a French physician, that the playing of wind instruments and other like pulmonary gymnastics, instead of being, as generally supposed, injurious to persons with weak lungs, is, on the contrary, beneficial to them. In order to establish this fact, he visited a variety of large factories of wind instruments. On one of these occasions he received the following information: "Besides choleric immunity our workmen enjoy another; they are free from consumption. All the men who make it their profession to try the wind instruments made at various factories before sending them off for sale, all, without exception, to my knowledge, are free from pulmonary affections. I have known many such who, on entering upon this profession, were very delicate, and who, though their duty obliged them to blow for hours together, enjoyed perfect health after a certain time. I am myself an instance of this. My mother died of consumption, eight children of hers fell victims to the disease, and only three of us survive, and we all play on wind instruments. The day is not far distant, perhaps, when physicians will have recourse to our dreaded art in order to conquer pulmonary diseases." At all events the experiment is worth a trial, and it is unlikely that playing on the cornopean will prove more fatal to consumptive persons than the long journeys and discomforts to which they are often condemned by physicians.

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Said a wise man: "As we journey through life let us live by the way." A pretty good rule for obtaining true happiness, if acted upon in the spirit it is given. If we would pay more attention to the present, the things about us, not losing sight of the future, and turning our backs on the past, letting the past bury its dead, we would be much more happy. Half of our troubles in this life are on account of our disposition to grieve over the "what might have beens," and our apprehensions of disaster and evil in the future. Live in the ever present! Help those about you to see the good things of the present by enjoying them ourselves. To be sure our lines may be cast in dark and troubled waters, yet there never was a time so bad as to be utterly void of something to help us bear the heavy load with which we may be burdened. A kind word or deed will not only help us to enjoy the world, but it will help those about us to partake of the good things of life. Don't assume imaginary cares; don't hunt around for something to worry about; don't forget everything but some particular object you have fixed your purpose on, in the future. You will not attain to it any sooner. You may be stricken down on the way before you have reached the goal. Then why give up all else in the effort to attain it? An honorable ambition is a good thing. It fires the energies; it makes a man the more manly. But the greatest man, the manliest man, is he who lives by the way as he journeys through life.

DAY-DREAMS.

BY SUSANNA J.

No day-dreams now,
Save those that calm-eyed Reason will allow:
No pleasant pictures drawn by Hope's free hand
Of Life as beautiful as Fairy-land,
Of faultless friends and love as ever true,
Of Summer lasting all the long year through,
Fame and her sister, largely-dow'red Success,
Ever at hand our chosen work to bless,
And to the end, 'mid all the pleasant strife,
The buoyant spirit of our early life!

Nor dream we now
With hands close-pressed upon a throbbing brow,
With aching mental vision that perceives
How empty is the promise Fancy weaves,
How discord waits on melody most sweet,
How granite barriers will rise to meet
Our bravest efforts, how in vain we wage
Those fierce internal battles whose hot rage
Sweeps all the freshness of our youth away
Like angry tempest on a fair Spring day.

We cease to dream,
For now we know "things are not what they seem."
The good, the happiness we aimed at then
Was to be found among our fellow-men;
The wings on which we rose were far too weak
To bear us to the heights we longed to seek.
But now that mirage fair allures us not;
The soul's desire in any earthly lot
Was never found; but, when we learn aright,
Towards the Land of Peace we turn our flight.

The region fair!
Our wearied thoughts find frequent solace there
In blessed fields where cooling waters flow
And brighter flow'rs than ever bloomed below
Delight our senses. Ev'rything is pure;
Never shall Sorrow's shade our joy obscure;
No more shall Mem'ry wear a thorny crown
Or Life desire to lay her burden down.
Be brave, my heart, the race is yet to run,
And this fair land by striving may be won!

Tim.

BY D. KER.

SHE was a little old lady, with a delicate face like Dresden china, and clear beautiful brown eyes.

She wore a poke bonnet made of quilted black satin, an equally old-fashioned spencer, and a black satin dress.

Her name was Miss Groat. She was taking tea with Mrs. Parkham, one of the "fashionable" set in the little town where Miss Groat lived.

The tea-cups out of which they drank were delicate sea-green china, with gold handles and rims, and each cup had a different design and motto on it.

It was a queer fancy, people said, but then, the fashionable lady's father was an eccentric man and the cups had been made at his order, and bequeathed by him to his daughter with an injunction never to part with them.

"Do your duty, no matter what happens." These were the words which caught Miss Groat's eye as she raised the cup to her lips. She put it down hastily.

"Your tea is too hot," said Mrs. Parkham, sweetly; "have some more cream?"

"No, I was struck by the quaint beauty of your tea-cup," said Miss Groat, with the ghost of a smile.

"Ah, yes!" said the great lady, languidly; "a fancy of my poor father's. A queer fancy, most people think.

"But they are unique, and that is such a comfort in these days, when the lower orders imitate everything. These were made at Sevres from my father's own designs, and certainly the flowers are exquisite."

Miss Groat took up her cup again.

A delicate group of heart's-ease was painted under the motto.

"Yes, it is a beautiful idea," she said, in a low voice; "the fulfilment of duty brings heart's-ease at last—aye, at last."

Mrs. Parkham raised her delicate eyebrows. Miss Groat was getting beyond her, as usual.

"Yes, pansies; are they not delicately finished?" she said; "my poor father's talent for flower-painting was very great. I believe it cost a small fortune to have these made. The very best china, you see. Look at this one."

And she held up a lovely cup with a bunch of pink and white roses on it.

"Yes, I see," answered Miss Groat, absently. "If we cling too much to the things of this world, their thorns will pierce us."

She glanced up and met Mrs. Parkham's astonished look.

And, giving herself a mental shake, she answered as she was expected to do:

"It is very lovely."

Then she cleared her throat, for she was nervous, and brought out the business that had been on her mind all along.

"Do you remember the sad case I was speaking to you about some time ago?" she asked. "That poor young woman whose husband died of typhoid fever. She is far from well herself, and I think if we could manage to get her away from that damp room, and set her up with a sewing-machine she might get on.

"I have obtained a little sum of money (she did not say that she had sold all her trinkets to make up the sum), but only enough to take a nice room in Widow Green's cottage for her for three months. I suppose—do you think—"

She hesitated and blushed.

It was almost as bad as begging for herself; and Mrs. Parkham looked so irresponsive.

"Do you know any one who would be glad to help in such a cause?"

"Indeed, my dear Miss Groat, I do not. We have so many calls upon us, you see, and our family is growing up. It would not be right for me to offer."

"Twenty-five dollars would be enough," murmured Miss Groat.

"Twenty-five dollars!" and Mrs. Parkham actually raised her voice in her astonishment; "I assure you I know no one who would give me that amount."

At this juncture the butler came in and announced:

"Mrs. Wilson."

A quick, bright-looking woman (the rector's wife, and mother of half-a-dozen children) came into the room.

"Are you in want of twenty-five dollars, my dear Mrs. Parkham?" she said, when the solemn butler had retired in a dignified manner.

"Excuse me, I could not help hearing what you said; but if you really want twenty-five dollars, why don't you send your butler round to make a collection? He is so impressive that I am sure no one could refuse him."

"It was Miss Groat who wanted it," said Mrs. Parkham, stiffly.

She did not like to be laughed at, and though she visited Miss Groat and received her graciously, because she was of a good old family, and had had a brother who distinguished himself in the army, yet she was apt to look down upon the little old lady's poverty.

"Then I wish I could give it to you, my dear Miss Groat," said the rector's wife, warmly. "But one cannot always do as one likes. I am poor, and six children don't make one richer, at least in the money way;" she added, with a laugh, "they do in some things."

Miss Groat's eyes glistened in a suspicious manner.

"I know you would if you could," she said.

Then she arose to go.

Mrs. Parkham shook hands with her graciously.

"By-the-by," she said, "do you happen to know of any one who has a Persian cat to part with? I want one so much. I should be quite willing to give twenty-five dollars for it."

Miss Groat started.

"No—yes; I will inquire," she said, nervously.

"Do; I should be so much obliged to you. You see I am so much alone; my children are in the school-room all day, and my husband is out. I should so much like to have a pet."

And then she rang, and Miss Groat was let out by the solemn butler, who knew rather better than his mistress did Miss Groat's real worth.

For had she not saved his mother's life by her kindness, when she was so ill a few weeks ago?

Miss Groat paused on the doorstep to ask after her patient, and heard that she was doing well.

"Thanks to you madam," the pompous butler added, and though he was considered "high," and thought in the servants' hall to give himself airs, I think there were genuine tears in his eyes.

Miss Groat walked all the way home in a brown study.

"Twenty-five dollars! Do your duty," she kept saying over and over, as if she were learning a lesson.

Her little cottage consisted of four tiny rooms—a kitchen, parlor and two bedrooms, all clean and neat.

Susan, her old servant, had been in the Groat family all her life; she remembered the time when her mistress possessed houses and lands, and riches far greater than Mrs. Parkham's.

But old Squire Groat had been persuaded to speculate, and had failed; had speculated again to retrieve his losses, and finally the old place, where the Groats had lived for generations, had to be sold, and Miss Groat found herself left alone in the world with only a very small pittance to keep her from starving.

Alone—for her father, broken down by his failure and losses, could not face the world, which was an altered one to him, and he dropped quietly out of it and gave up the ghost.

"Which it would have been very much better for his family if he done it sooner," old Susan would say.

There was a beautiful painting in Miss Groat's parlor, at which she gazed through fast-dropping tears.

She had taken off the poke bonnet, and had seated herself in her old arm-chair by the bright little fire Susan had lighted for her.

It was autumn, and the evenings were chilly.

The painting was the half-length of a young officer, a bright, handsome young fellow, with blue eyes and a decidedly winning smile.

Alas! that smile had been lost to his sister for ten years.

For ten years Major Charles Groat had not been heard of.

His sister would not give up her belief that he alive—but everyone else believed that "Bonnie Charlie," as his friends called him, was dead.

The little old lady was twenty years older than her brother.

She was the eldest of her family, and many little ones had gone to their graves before Charlie was born.

His mother did not live long after his birth, and Dorothy had always been like a mother to him—nay, father and mother in one, for his father threw himself into speculations soon after the mother's death.

When the crash came, after years of alternate loss and success, Charley was not much over twenty, and his regiment had just been ordered to Africa on active service.

The young man had a chance of distinguishing himself, which he made the most of.

He was promoted.

He was mentioned in the papers for his bravery and prowess, and Dorothy shed tears of joy over her boy's renown.

At the end of ten years he was coming home with his regiment, covered with honor and glory, and Dorothy was looking forward with wild eagerness to her boy's return.

Then the blow fell.

It seemed that there had been a parting pic-nic gotten up by some of the officers, in which, as a matter of course, Major Groat took part.

When the pic-nic was over, and the stragglers met, Charlie Groat was found to be missing.

Search was made for him everywhere, but of no avail.

It was thought by some people that he had been made prisoner by some of the hostile African tribes, who were always on the watch for the English, but whether Kaffirs or Zulus had captured him could not be told.

A native had been seen prowling around in the early part of the day, but no one had noticed him sufficiently to tell to what tribe he belonged.

It was also remembered that Major Groat had strolled away by himself after dinner, but, beyond this fact nothing was ever known.

The regiment mourned for him as for a brother, for he had been greatly beloved by all.

Gay, generous, warm-hearted and brave, he had won all hearts.

Several of his brother officers came to call on Dorothy when they returned to England, to tell her all they knew of her missing relative.

She received them with her wonted gentleness.

Her white set face was beautiful still in spite of years and trouble.

She thanked them for coming, but she would not believe that "her boy" was dead.

"He will come back to me some day," she said, the tears standing in her brown eyes, so clear and sparkling still. "I cannot believe he is dead."

One of these same officers came several times to see her, and would have had her think of him sometimes and learn to care for him.

But "all her heart was with her boy," and "she could never think of anyone else," she said; "her heart could own no divided allegiance."

He persevered, however, for some years, but at length went to India and tried to forget her.

Two years before my story opens he had sent Dorothy a magnificent black Persian kitten.

"He was going to be married," he wrote, "to a woman whom he loved, and who loved him, but in the midst of his happiness he could not forget her entirely, and sent her this pet.

"He had told his future wife her story, and his wife and himself would always pray that 'her boy' would come back to her some day."

Thus ended the romance of the old lady's life, and all that was left of it, in the person of "Tim," was scrambling up into Miss Groat's lap as she looked at her brother's picture.

Dorothy's life for the past ten years had been spent in doing good.

She had very little money, but love and sympathy go further than most people think, and the little old lady was beloved by everyone.

She sat absently stroking Tim, who purred with satisfaction in her lap, and presently curled himself round on her black satin apron—worked by herself in red silk, as a mute protest against mourning, for she believed "her boy" still lived, and she would never wear black.

Presently Susan opened the door and walked in.

"I knocked twice, ma'am," she said, "but as you didn't hear, I thought I'd come in. Will you have tea now?"

"I have had tea, Susan, at Mrs. Parkham's."

"Tea!" sniffed Susan, with contempt. "Water bewitched, more likely, and just a sniff of bread and butter as thin as paper. I know her mean ways.

"And her rolling in money, too. I'll just bring up the little black teapot, and a bit of som'at to eat; 'tis a good while yet to supper.

"And I'll make her a nice piece of hot buttered toast, too, I know," added the good soul to herself. "She looks worried. May be she's troubled about that poor young widow."

Miss Groat sat idly by the fire when Susan had gone.

Every now and then a heavy sigh escaped her.

She was turning over ways and means in her mind, but everything seemed confused to-night.

"I shall feel clearer when I have had a cup of tea out of my own little teapot," she said at last, with a feeble attempt at a laugh (she had a habit of talking to herself at times, like most lonely people.) "I won't think any more just now."

She roused herself, and chatted pleasantly with Susan, who came in presently with the hot tea and toast, and forced herself to eat and appreciate.

And Susan was half comforted when she cleared away the things and found only a tiny bit of toast left.

Tim could have accounted for a good piece of it.

He always sat up to the table, and was well-behaved.

When he felt very hungry he gently patted his mistress' cheek, as a reminder that he was there.

To-night Miss Groat needed no reminding.

Tim's saucer was filled for him before his mistress took her own tea, and it seemed as if she could hardly make enough of her pet.

The lamp was lighted, and Tim's ball was brought out as usual, and he raced up and down the room in a fever of delight, his splendid feathery tail waving in the air like a squirrel's.

Miss Groat went to her desk and took out a little bag, from which she counted some money.

"It is of no use," she sighed; "twenty-five dollars more is the least I can manage with, so as to get her a good sewing-machine, pay for the room, and start her comfortably; there is nothing else I can part with—nothing—except—"

Her voice broke.

She put the money away hastily, and stooping over Tim, who was dozing now before the fire, picked him up and sat down in her arm-chair.

Then she burst into tears, and some of them rolled down upon Tim's long, soft fur, and one of them fell on his nose. He blinked uneasily, and then licked his mistress' hand, as if to comfort her.

The little old lady broke down altogether then and sobbed.

But Tim grew so uneasy that she dried her tears.

Her habitual self-control came to her aid, and she was soon herself again; but she was too much unnerved to do any work that evening.

When Susan brought in the supper-tray, Miss Groat said, with forced cheerfulness:

"Mrs. Parkham has some lovely teacups, Susan; one of those I saw to-day had a beautiful motto on it."

"What was it, miss?"

"Do as you ought, come what may," answered Miss Groat dreamily, looking at the fire.

"Hum! I wonder if that's Mrs. Parkham's sentiments?" said Susan, who had little love for that lady.

"I hope so," said Miss Groat, mildly; "we have no reason for thinking otherwise, Susan."

"Oh, no, miss. Shall I put Tim to bed before prayers?"

Her mistress sighed.

"Yes," she said.

"He's as good as a child to you, miss," Susan remarked. "I don't know what you would do without him; he's such company."

And she marched off with the cat to Miss Groat's bedroom, where Tim slept in a large wicker basket half filled with shavings.

There was no one but Susan to notice how Miss Groat's voice faltered as she read prayers that night, and Susan put it down to fatigue.

Long, long after the old lady was in bed she lay awake.

She dreaded the morning.

She dreaded the lonely days and weeks that were coming, for Tim loved her, and she loved him.

He seemed to her like the last living link that bound her to her brother, since his friend had given him to her.

It seemed to be her duty to part with him, and duty must be done, whatever sorrow might come of it.

Her mind was made up.

No one but herself knew how she should miss him, but it was to make the happiness of a fellow-creature, and she would not hesitate.

"They say cats are not capable of attachments, as dogs are," she said, half-aloud. "Perhaps he will not feel it."

But I think that secretly she hoped he would rub her a little. She fell asleep at length, murmuring:

"Duty fulfilled brings heart's-ease at last—at last."

She had a beautiful dream.

She seemed to be working on the roadside, clearing away brambles and thorns before a wayfarer with bruised and bleeding feet.

She felt weak and worn, but she went on working.

And, as the last weed was cleared away, she heard a voice, gentle, but clear and thrilling, say:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

And a shower of heart's-ease, purple and white, fell around her feet.

She woke, to find Tim sitting by her pillow, purring and patting her gently with his glove on, as he always did when it was time to get up.

Miss Groat had determined to take Tim to Mrs. Parkham's as soon as that lady was likely to be up.

She did not mean to tell Susan till it was over, for she knew well that the old servant would feel it so much that she would try to persuade her mistress against it.

And just now Miss Groat did not feel that she could discuss it.

She chose her time at eleven o'clock, when Susan was busy in the kitchen and taking Tim in her arms, with one last hurried kiss on his soft head, she went out of the house and down the road, Tim purring loudly all the while, and his tail sticking out under her arm.

She met no one on her way, although Mrs. Parkham's house was at the further end of the little town.

A maid opened the door when she

knocked, for the solemn butler did not appear in the morning.

Mrs. Parkham was at home, and with some anxious feeling about her reception, Miss Groat went into the dining-room, where Mrs. Parkham was writing notes.

"I've come," said Miss Groat, nervously; "you said you wanted to buy a Persian cat—mine is a very fine one—if you would like to—"

She could not say a word more to save her life, but Mrs. Parkham was not an observing woman.

"Dear me, I shall be delighted," she said, sweetly. "I suppose he is good-tempered?" she added suddenly, for it crossed her mind that Miss Groat might want to get rid of him because he was vicious.

"Perfectly good-tempered," said Miss Groat, somewhat unsteadily. And then Mrs. Parkham took out a bank-note and five shillings, and handed them, smilingly, to Miss Groat.

The poor little lady felt like a traitor to Tim, she took out her well-worn purse, put the money in, and without trusting herself to say a word more, she left the room with a bow to her hostess, leaving Tim in a state of profound astonishment on the Turkey carpet.

"No manners," murmured Mrs. Parkham, complacently, "and it is no wonder; she may be of an old family, but I know that she talks quite familiarly with that old servant of hers."

Mrs. Parkham rang the bell and ordered up some cream for Tim, which he took in a gentlemanly, self-possessed manner, as if he were quite used to it.

He did not seem to be disturbed—no doubt his mistress would come back for him presently, he thought; meanwhile he might as well be comfortable, so he sat before the fire, blinking lazily, and his new mistress thought he was quite happy and contented.

She did not understand animals, and she did not notice an uneasy twinkle in Tim's eye every time the door was opened, which would have told a good deal to an observant person.

Presently Mrs. Parkham rang for coals, and the solemn butler came in.

"Bless me!" he cried with a start, "Miss Groat's cat."

Mrs. Parkham drew herself up—never before had the pattern butler been known to make an independent observation in his mistress' presence.

"You will have the goodness, Summers, to remember that I have purchased that cat, and it is mine, not Miss Groat's" she said with great dignity.

Summers reddened, and picked up a piece of coal he had dropped in his surprise. Tim who knew him, sniffed at his fingers, and gave a little "croo," which sounded like a question.

Miss Groat went on her way to the young widow's with her little hoard of money, to which she had added the five guineas she had just received.

There was no coldness in the welcome which she received here.

The poor widow's thanks and blessings came like balm to Miss Groat's sore heart. She went with the young woman to the clean bright little room she had hired for her, and saw the poor, tired creature safe in Mrs. Green's motherly care.

Then she went off to the best shop the little town could boast of—found after some trouble—a sewing machine, which was just what she wanted, paid for it, and ordered it to be sent at once to the widow's room.

But a good deed cannot be hidden.

As Miss Groat left the shop, Mrs. Wilson went in, greeting the little old lady with a kindly smile.

The master of the shop came forward to serve Mrs. Wilson; he had, in common with all the inhabitants of the town, a great love and respect for Miss Groat; and as he was showing Mrs. Wilson some calico, he volunteered the information that—"Miss Groat looked but poorly this morning."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilson, quickly, "I thought she looked pale."

"She ought to look well, if doing good brings happiness," remarked the man.

"She was buying a sewing-machine this morning, not for herself you may be sure, but for widow Jones, the one, ma'am, who lost her husband of fever a few months ago; and surely Miss Groat is easy to please when it's herself she's buying for, but this was to be particular, and she was a long time choosing, but I didn't think, ma'am, she looked well.

"I made myself so bold as to ask her how her Persian cat was, she sets much store by, and she only said, 'Quite well, thank you,' and mostly she likes to talk of it."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Wilson, reflectively; and then Mrs. Parkham's question about Persian cats flashed across her memory, and she started.

She said nothing more, but she made up her mind to call on Mrs. Parkham at her earliest opportunity.

Meanwhile, Miss Groat went home to her solitary dinner.

No "croo" of delight greeted her when she entered the house; there was no purring welcome.

But Susan, with a puzzled face met her in the hall.

"I've looked everywhere for Tim, miss, and he can't be found. I don't know what's come of him," she said.

And Miss Groat nerved herself to answer, "No Susan, I don't suppose you can find him"—with a feeble little laugh which did not take the astute Susan in at all—"I took him to Mrs. Parkham's this morning."

Susan was stricken dumb; she knew, if any one did, how Miss Groat loved that cat; but she knew her mistress well, and felt that none but a very good reason could have made her part with Tim, so it was with a muttered "Well-a-day! to think that I've lived to see it!" that she turned and went back to her kitchen.

In the afternoon Miss Groat went to see the young widow, and found her in a state of ecstatic gratitude over the sewing-machine, on which Mrs. Green was giving her a lesson.

"Life seems as if it looked a bit hopeful now, ma'am," said the poor thing—"thanks to your goodness. I feel quite heartened up, and the Lord will repay you, ma'am, some day—if prayers are of any good—here or hereafter."

"Yes," said Miss Groat to herself, as she walked home.

"It was worth the sacrifice; no sacrifice would be too great that can help a fellow-creature on in this hard world—on to a little ease and comfort, which will help her to trust more implicity in her Heavenly Father, who sends it through my hands." She was peacefully resigned, but her evening was a lonely one, as all her evenings must be henceforth.

The next day was Sunday, and as Miss Groat walked to church, it seemed to her as if the whole world greeted her.

"People had always been kind to her," she thought, humbly, "but to-day they seemed kinder than usual."

When the rector stopped to shake hands in the church-yard, his eyes glistened suspiciously as he said, "God bless you," and the humble old lady wondered.

She did not know that, between the shopman, Mrs. Wilson, the young widow, and the solemn butler (who happened, although Miss Groat did not know it, to be the widow's cousin), her secret was no secret at all; and that Sunday morning there was not a man, woman, or child, in the whole town (except Mrs. Parkham), who did not know that Miss Groat had sold her pet cat, the gift of a dear old friend, to buy a sewing-machine for widow Jones.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethern, ye have done it unto Me."

Miss Groat started as the rector gave out his text.

She sat in the same pew where she had sat as a child, when she had loved to watch the colors from the painted window falling on the chancel pavement; she loved to see them still; they were very bright to-day, as the old lady looked up, half-dazzled, to the pulpit, and listened to the words which seemed indeed like heart's-ease to her.

No one in church that day ever forgot that sermon, or the rapt look on Miss Groat's face.

Even Mrs. Parkham, in her luxuriously cushioned pew, was roused, and looking over at the beautiful, peaceful face on the other side of the chancel, thought, "She looks as if she had not a care in the world." And she was right; Miss Groat had no care at that moment in this world.

She was thinking of the world which is to come, where there would be no loneliness nor sorrow, and where she should meet again all those she loved, in the light of her Master's smile.

"Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethern, or wife, or children, for the Kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."

The rector ended his sermon with these words, and the congregation stood up.

In the prayer that followed, some one near the door fancied he heard a footstep in the porch, but forgot it afterwards.

The service was over and the people were coming out, when a cry was heard, which none present ever forgot.

"My boy! my boy! O, God be praised, He has given me, not four-fold but a hundred-fold," and the little old lady fell into the arms of a bronzed and bearded stranger who was waiting in the porch.

Yes, he had come back.

While she was thinking of others and had given up her one joy to cheer a desolate, heart God had sent her a joy undreamed of and unhoped for.

"It is not often," said the rector, when the Major had taken his sister home, and the congregation still lingered in the churchyard discussing the wonderful event, "that charity and self-denial are rewarded so promptly in this world, but the promise cannot, cannot fail, that in some way, sooner or later it will have its reward, both in this world and that which is to come."

"What has Miss Groat done?" asked Mrs. Parkham, in her languid voice.

The rector turned and stared at her, it had not entered his mind that anyone could be so obtuse.

His little wife put in quickly, before he could answer.

"She sold you her pet cat, Mrs. Parkham, the cat which she loved so dearly, the only solace of her loneliness, that she might give the price of it to a poor widow, whose life was sadder even than hers. That is what she has done; it may seem a little thing to you, who have husband and children to love you; but to those who know what loneliness is, it seems to be true heroism. I am sure I could not have done it in her place."

done it in her place."

The little woman's lips were quivering, and tears were dropping down her face.

"I thought she was tired of the cat," exclaimed Mrs. Parkham. "You surprise me,"—and she was surprised.

It is one of the attributes of selfishness to credit other people with similar feelings.

Major Groat's story was a long one, and he told it to his sister that quiet Sunday afternoon, as the brother and sister sat hand in hand in the little parlor.

Told briefly, it was this.

He had been decoyed by a band of natives to a lonely place, on the promise of some rare plants.

There he had been overpowered and robbed of all his valuables, and carried away to their king's kraal, where he was kept in slavery for years.

At length the king's favorite wife fell ill, and no one could cure her.

It chanced that Major Groat had some homœopathic globules which the natives had left to him, as they thought them valueless, and he asked to be allowed to doctor the poor woman.

The natives had grown fond of their captive, and he was taken to the king, who promised him some gold-dust and his freedom if he saved the queen's life.

He did save it, and then he claimed his reward.

The king at first refused to keep his promise, urging that such a clever doctor would be invaluable to him.

But at length, by promises of reward, and by many persuasions, Major Groat at last prevailed, and was set free, with an escort of natives to guide him to the nearest English settlement.

The rest was soon told.

He had left Africa as soon as possible, had arrived in England the day before, and reported himself in London, and then come straight down to her, his own dear sister Dorothy.

He had just finished his story, and Dorothy was crying and laughing by turns over his adventures and trials, when a soft "croo" made the old lady start, and Tim, in a great state of self-gratulation, jumped in at the open window.

He had watched his opportunity and got away from his new home to seek his dear old mistress.

"And he shall never go back," said Major Charlie, when Susan had told him the whole story.

"I would pay his price a thousand times over sooner."

"Besides, I am not a poor man now, and my Dorothy shall have everything she can wish for."

And so she had, and no happier woman could be found in the world.

Tim utterly refused to leave the house again, and proved, beyond a doubt, that cats are sometimes as fond and faithful as dogs. Prosperity did not spoil Miss Groat.

She was as kind, unselfish, and humble, as in the days of her poverty and adversity; and all through her long, happy useful life, she remained the same simple-hearted, loving woman as ever.

A Fog Romance.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

IT was mid-morning in fair London town.

It might have been night-fall in the City of the Clouds for all outward evidence to the contrary.

Masses of dingy vapor rolled up against the window-panes, stirred now and then by a sooty little breeze, from nowhere in particular, that dispersed them not, only made a little black eddy and departed.

Indoors it felt at once hot, clammy, choking and smutty.

The room was airy and spacious.

It was one of the best private sitting-rooms Langham had to offer.

Imogen Ray had just declared "It felt like a chimney on fire being put out with wet blankets."

She was leaning against the window-frame as she spoke, gazing into the grimy sea of vapor, half-interestedly, half-abstractedly.

She was very beautiful even by that hideous light; with the angular beauty only found on the farther shores of the Atlantic; delicate, fragile and marvellously brilliant.

("The beauty of snow-peaks at sunrise; of an opal, with its heart of fire under its veil of snow," to quote the unsuccessful beginning of a poetical adorer, who gave up after a few more attempts to reduce the Ineffable to a pen and ink summary.)

She looked like a poem, a melody, an artist's dream.

She was a matter-of-fact, business-like young damsel, practical and self-reliant as became a citizen of "Airth's greatest nation."

Her companion was leisurely finishing his breakfast.

He might have been a dignitary of the Church by his dress.

His stalwart build, and a general suggestion of open air life that pervaded him, seemed to indicate a sailor or a colonist, but the noble, intellectual head, with its silken mane of snowy hair, the massive features with their curious expression of indolent shrewdness could belong to none but the original of the face that smirked in the *Graphic* and scowled in the *Illustrated* on the side-table, and had been for the past week decorating the photographers' windows in very mixed company; the face of the temporary lion of London literary society, the great Trans-Atlantic poet, philosopher and critic, Everard Holt, whom the literary world aforesaid had for the past week been delighting to honor.

"You have your wish at last, Imogen," he said; "this is 'quite a London particular,' according to Guppy."

"Yes. I thought we should lose something if we left without a fog—but I have got a thicker one than I expected here."

She didn't talk Yankee, only paid more respect to her vowel-sounds and enunciated more incisively than is the wont of the indolent Britishers and her voice had the music of silver on silver.

Speaking, she glanced out into the dinginess and in at a square envelope which she held daintily and respectfully.

It was fastened by a big red seal bearing a coat of arms and a coronet, at which she glanced with an admiration unworthy her race.

"This is a gloomy ending to our holiday, dear," said Everard, looking towards her anxiously.

He looked towards her, not at her, thereby betraying what many of his casual acquaintances never perceived, that he was blind—totally, hopelessly blind—from some accident late in his life at the very zenith of his popularity and usefulness.

He had accepted the calamity characteristically, tried patiently and fairly every possible means of recovery.

Then, these failing, with the same zest with which he had been wont to turn to some fresh branch of study, he had applied himself to the mastery of every art and device by which the lost sense might be supplied.

He had a marvelous memory and a curiously sensitive nervous organization—and he had Imogen, his loving, devoted adopted child.

"Nothing can spoil our holiday, or our home-coming," she added quickly. "From first to last all has been pleasantness.

"And you don't regret the old country in your heart of hearts?"

"I am very very glad to have been here and seen England and English people for myself; but my heart of hearts is and always will be American. Oh, it's good to think that in a fortnight more we shall be under the Chislehurst elms again!"

Everard and Imogen had spent a year wandering happily about Europe together, sight-seeing, making friends, collecting materials for a new work and a course of lectures, and finding themselves welcome and honored everywhere by Everard's brethren of the great craft of book-making.

The morning paper that lay collapsed on the floor contained a long account of a grand banquet in his honor given by a distinguished circle of his admirers the night before, and also a paragraph announcing his departure next day from Liverpool for New York.

"What time do we leave this?" Everard asked presently.

"Not till five," Imogen replied rather dismally, "and I've packed my last scrap and read you every line worth reading in all the papers, and there's nothing left to do but sit and long for some fresh air after all last night's eloquence till the fog rises. Ugh! how it seems to close one in and strangle one."

"Fogs after all have their limits," said Everard. "It is possible, I believe, to go right through and find light and free air beyond. Should you like to try. I am all ready."

"So am I, but stop—let me put up your things first and start with a clear conscience."

"You are too late for once, oh most scrupulous of guardian angels. I have packed. Did it myself in a fit of independence and consulted the chambermaid on the result. She says I have left nothing out and made a beautiful job of it."

"Uncle, are you tired of me?" with a pained ring of reproach in her voice.

"Imogen, are you jealous of your authority over me, and afraid of my ascertaining the limits of my powers? There is better work in the world for you, my dear, than playing dog-in-a-string to a blind old man; and when it comes, I want you to feel that though I prize your love and service beyond all else on earth, I can live without you, my darling."

He spoke slowly, as if watching to detect some sign of her mood.

"Now get ready, in ten minutes, if you can," he ended briskly, starting up and making for the door.

The waiter had drawn forward a side-table to hold some breakfast accessories, and Everard, ignorant of the change, came heavily against it.

He laughed, ascertained with rapid touch that nothing was overset or injured, and left the room lightly.

Imogen, knowing his ways, did not attempt to interfere or assist, but stood aside watching him with a loving wistful look in her shining eyes.

"Do without me one of these days! He can't, with all his pretence, and he shall never be asked; never, never! My darling uncle, the best, noblest, wisest of men. It is only too much honor for a stupid little thing like me to be permitted to give him my life's best love—and he has it."

She winked away a bright little tear from her long lashes—laughed a little, and drew out of the big envelope a decidedly masculine looking epistle, in bold black characters, with a big scrawly signature on the last page, "Gerald Adare."

"It looks plain enough and easy enough to answer," mused she, "and it's neither one nor the other."

"He says"—running hastily over the contents—"he relies on me to tell him whether he may really avail himself of my uncle's invitation to Chislehurst. If so, he thinks of starting at once for the States, by the same steamer as ourselves, if possible. He is at Liverpool awaiting my reply, &c. Now what does it mean, or what will he understand by my answer? He used to talk of wishing to see America, and perhaps of settling down there, though uncle only laughed at the notion; and now it seems as if he were in earnest.

"If I write him a cool little note telling him—what is strictly true—that the doctors recommended perfect rest and quiet to uncle for some time to come; if I gently put him off for the present, why, it will be for good and all. I feel it. Some other fancy

will come between us and there will be the end of our friendship. I hate to think it! I don't mind saying so—when nobody can hear me.'

S'hall I say 'Come'? He'll come fast enough. He'll see our beautiful home and what Americans are at their best; not the rubbish that disgraces our nation all over Europe. He'll understand then what my dear uncle is—a prophet that has honor in his own country; and—if he comes, he'll never go away again. Why should he? He says he is a cosmopolitan, with no local prejudices (unless he has one in favor of the place where we happen to be found); he hates his Irish estates and his title, and would gladly hear the last of both one and the other. Shall I say 'Come'?—and yet

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Here Everard's footstep was audible, and hastily concealing the letter, Imogen hurried on her hat and Newmarket and went to meet him.

"Which way?" he asked, as they issued from the portico on to the greasy pavement.

"This way looks the clearest. If you keep straight on and then turn right round and come back we can't be lost," argued Imogen in her ignorance, and they started.

Unfortunately, they came to a street which did not go straight on.

"Well, we can take this left turning and keep straight along here. It certainly grows lighter at the end."

They groped on cautiously, guided by the area railings.

Then came a noisy crossing of some main thoroughfare.

Imogen looked at Everard doubtfully and turned to the left again rather than attempt to pilot him over.

It was growing brighter, fading from dim to pale copper color; there must be sun somewhere, and in the distance was a glimpse of trees, that Imogen decided must be "one of the parks," but which turned out to be an unknown square.

Then a policeman, against whom they ran blindly, helped Everad across a street and put them in the direct road home—which proved to be by such disreputable back-streets that Imogen got alarmed and made for the first open space.

Then the fog lifted, showing a large clear street with something like a cab-stand at the far end, and along it they sped merrily.

"Why we've got home without knowing it; there's Portland Place down that turning," cried Imogen; delighted.

"It doesn't seem like our part of the world," said Everard, who had the ears of a trapper; "but places sound different in this atmosphere."

"We shall come to a name presently."

Down swooped the fog again before the words left Imogen's lips, and when they got to a name it was one they had never heard of.

The situation was becoming monotonous.

It had been amusing enough at first, when the brighter atmosphere seemed to lie at the end of every street they turned into, while Everard made guesses at places and people, like a schoolboy playing hunt-the-buff, and laughed at his guide's helplessness.

Now he was silent and Imogen anxious. It was growing thicker and thicker, till even her way-mark, the area railings, failed her if she lost hold of them, and had to be recovered by groping.

She felt Everard drag on her arm as she led him, and his face, as well as she could make it out, looked drawn and overspread with a hue she had learnt to mistrust.

"What are we to do?" she asked, trying to laugh. "I can't turn back in search of that cab-stand. I forgot how many turnings we have passed, and policemen seem to have vanished from the face of the earth."

One o'clock boomed from an invisible church steeple.

"It's quite a new part of the town," she went on; "large houses and no shops.

"We must have come far out west without knowing it, and I never thought of bringing the wraps."

She stood perplexed, leaning against the railings of a large house looking aloft through the mist.

"I'll tell you what I can do! I'll ring and ask our way.

"Why didn't I think of that sooner?"

And up the steps she led him and gave a vigorous pull at the bell.

A footman answered it promptly.

"We are lost in the fog," said Imogen; "can you direct us to the Langham Hotel?"

The man's face grew doubtful.

"I don't know that I can, miss. It's a good long way from here—but I will inquire."

"No, if it's far off, tell me where I can get a cab."

"Well, if you go straight on, turn to the right, and take the third street to your right again, you may find one on the stand—or, there's Toke's livery stables close by."

"That's better."

But a glance at Everard made her reflect.

"Is there any one in the house who can go for me, an I let us wait here?"

Thomas stared at the audacious proposal.

"Or can some one show me the way, and let this gentleman rest here?"

Thomas had heard of umbrella-snatchers overcoat thieves, and looked as if it were worth more than his place to fall into that arrangement either.

However, Thomas was young and impressionable, and Imogen's face and voice worked on his tender heart.

"I'll inquire, miss."

And crafty as his wife, he went with his story, not to the respectable old butler, but then crossing the hall, but sharp to the right, through morning-room and library, to his young mistress' own sitting-room.

He was back in two minutes with "Miss Langton's compliments, and will you and the gentleman please step in."

They gladly followed him as he retraced his way through the softly-carpeted, richly-furnished rooms to the very heart and centre of the house's comfort and luxury.

A long, low room, lighted by a silver lamp at the far end, near which, on a couch lay a girlish figure.

"I cannot rise to receive you," she spoke in a sharp, though musical voice; "please excuse me and come and sit down."

Imogen felt, as she approached, the keen, exhaustive gaze of a pair of the brightest, darkest eyes she had ever met—eyes disproportionately large for a tiny, eager white face.

She found Everard a seat, and then said:

"We are in great difficulties, and all through my foolhardiness. Will you help us?"

"With pleasure. I hear you want a guide and a messenger; you shall have one directly. Was it not odd? I was just lying speculating on what I should do if I were out alone in the fog, when your ring came."

The bright eyes had left Imogen and wandered off to Everard, who now moved within the circle of the lamplight.

"I—excuse me," she faltered, suddenly excited, "but may I not know your name, please?"

"Everard Holt."

"I knew it," she said triumphantly, producing a large photograph from an envelope. "My uncle brought me home this last night. He was at Willis's Rooms."

"Was he not Colonel Pyers-Lloyd, who returned thanks for the Army?"

"Now how could you possibly tell that? We are not at all alike."

"I cannot judge of your faces, but your voices are the same."

She clapped her hands in a gleeful, childish fashion.

"Delightful! You recognised the Welsh accent. How pleased he will be! Don't you know he was there as the representative of Cymric poetry, and he has more titles than you would care to hear as a load.

"I know his translations well, and have read his monograph on Cymric versification."

"You must stay and see him. He will be home to luncheon, and will never forgive me if I let you go. You will stay. I will order the carriage as soon after as you please."

Everard waited for Imogen to reply, which she did with quite unreasonable hesitation.

Miss Langton was in earnest.

Her uncle unpleasant, it would be utterly and superfluously ungracious to decline her request.

She could not accept with her wonted graceful frankness, though she tried to be cordial.

She was transferred to the charge of a sedate maid, who assisted her to remove her wraps and the traces of fog and soot through which she had been struggling, and freshly prinked and smiling she returned to her hostess.

"I wonder what ails me?" she asked herself, as from the room door she beheld her uncle and Miss Langton in full tide of talk. "Why does the air of this place thrill me into a fever of self-consciousness? I could fancy Miss Langton the dark lady that all fortune-tellers are agreed shall cross my path! Absurd."

The dark bright eyes, charged with their curious magnetic attraction, rested on her as she advanced, and she blushed like an embarrassed schoolgirl.

The servants entered directly after, with preparations for luncheon, which was laid on a table within reach of Miss Langton's couch.

Imogen sat silently observant.

Her training in art had been thorough enough to teach her the value of her surroundings.

Each slot of the room seemed to have been specially chosen by someone of a very peculiar taste, with money enough to gratify it.

The flickering fire of scented wood on the wide hearth glimmered over carved wood, wrought brass, rare china, curiously mingled tints of color, a screen of exotics masking the street's ugliness, and the gilt and leather of the sumptuous bindings.

Books were everywhere, and piles of papers, stands of engravings and photographs, all clustered round the central figure of the girlish mistress of the house, at whom Imogen had hardly ventured to glance at first.

She was young; much younger at the second glance; at the third glance, handsome.

The original type of the face, fine and noble, worn and shrunken by long continued pain or care that had drawn fretful lines between the eyebrows, and curved the lips distressfully.

A cloud of dusky hair was swept back and upwards and secured by two golden pins.

Her dress was a loose gown of dark crimson velvet, edged with grey fur, from the sleeves of which her tiny waxen hands peeped out, weighted by one massive gold ring.

She presided gracefully at the table, on which the [illegible] glass were art studies, and each piece of plate worthy a separate [illegible].

Colonel Pyers-Lloyd did not appear, and nobody missed him.

Everard, his momentary faintness passed away, was bright and interested.

He felt the influence of the surrounding atmosphere (not to speak of the luncheon being the perfection of good cheer), touched the beautiful things about him delicately and appreciatively, listening to Miss Langton's few words of clear description and—luncheon over—fell into one of his happiest moods of talk, that an admiring biographer would have given all his spare cash to overhear.

Imogen was courteously included in the conversation, but she soon sank into silent thought.

She had never seen her uncle so completely at his best in strange company, frank and pleasant as he always was. Miss Langton though saying little, seemed to draw him on by some mysterious sympathy, from general topics to personal experiences, till Imogen listened wonderingly to his stories of long-past struggles, and cherished aspirations, thoughts, fancies, successes, failures; sacred things, that she had not dared to touch, had only gazed on from afar with reverence, brought for the handling of this curious stranger.

"She is playing upon him—the witch! I hate her. How can she do it, though?" and she resumed her study, half in admiration, half in repugnance.

"She could bewitch me, too, if she it worth while," she admitted later on, reflectively.

The afternoon slid on imperceptibly.

Everard, worn out by fatigue and unusual excitement, laid his head back in his large arm-chair and slept.

Miss Langton smiled—a pretty kind smile it was—and gently lowered her lamp, then pointed to a low chair by her couch, invitingly.

Imogen slipped into it, unwilling, but drawn by the spell of the dark, speaking eyes.

She held hers averted in silence for a moment, and then—a soft little hand stole round her neck, and a kiss from two burning lips dropped on her forehead.

"You are so beautiful, so loving and so true; he has told me all about you, and now I am going to make you as wretched as I am myself."

And Imogen felt the dash of hot tears on her cheek.

Imogen sat trembling, waiting for the next words.

When they came not, she timidly lifted her eyes.

Miss Langton was lying back on her couch, her hands clasped hard over her eyes, her lips moving silently.

"Do you love him?" she asked sharply, with a glance at Everard's noble placid face.

"Dearly, dearly. He has been more than a father to me [illegible] my life. I am not his [illegible] I could cling to him but a trustless [illegible] with outstretched arms, that he picked up."

"And you are ready to leave him for so poor a thing as Gerald Adare?"

Miss Langton drew forward a small stand on which stood a miniature easel.

A large photograph was there, a portrait of a tall, handsome young man, leaning against a tree, holding a great Irish deerhound in a leash.

"Yes, he is a poor thing—but mine own—mine own," she murmured, and turned again to Imogen. "You know it?"

"That is Mr. Adare—Lord Adare, I mean."

"Where did you meet him?"

"At a table d'hote at Prague."

"I understand," very drily. "When did you see him last?"

"In Paris, last month." And Imogen felt the letter rustle guiltily in her pocket.

"And now he is going to the States?"

"I am not the ruler of his actions," cried the poor harassed beauty, fairly roused. "He may go if he likes, and I dare say he will. I hope so. I don't call him a poor thing, if you do."

Miss Langton lay silent; when she spoke it was calmly and sadly.

"You must let me tell you all I can about my cousin Gerald. He was my father's ward, but he lived with his mother, for six months out of every year. He was a loveable, pretty little man, and we were faithful allies on the whole. I drove him to persist in going to Eton, and he did fairly well. Then came Oxford, with less credit. I fumed and raged at the reports that reached us, and at last worried my father into taking me to see him at college, and speaking my mind, as of yore. He listened to my exhortations—with a difference.

"'Mandie,' he said, when I had done, 'will you take me for good and all, an I make something of me?'

"Such a happy time followed. Seven long years ago, my dear. Seven long years! We were to have been married when he left Oxford with a respectable degree—but then came my father's illness and death. You know Gerald is a large landowner in the west of Ireland. Lord Adare's will had left everything in his wife's power until Gerald should come of age. My only comfort was in Gerald's promises: 'We will work together, there, Mandie. Only wait till I have the power and you to teach me how to use it.'

"Lord Adare took a dislike to me [illegible] I was coming of age, but Lady Adare [illegible] She didn't die, only kept him wandering about the Continent for three years. Then he came back to me.

"All was in readiness; dresses, breakfasts, settlements, everything in readiness for his return two days before the wedding. He would hardly let me out of his sight when he came at last.

"I see his face now as he stood at the foot of the staircase the night before, looking up after me. 'Good night,' he called, and something else which I could not hear; I turned to listen, slipped somehow, and then I remember a long, long space of time, when I felt myself falling and heard the ringing crash on the marble floor of the lamp I carried before the shock came, and all was blank blackness.

"They said it was an injury to the brain; then some internal displacement; it was spine, nerves—I don't know what. I only knew in the short flashes of consciousness between long intervals of speechless torture, that they gave me very little longer to live. Never mind the story of that black time. I don't want to trade on your sympathies."

Imogen stole one tiny hand into Miss Langton's, but kept silence.

"Gerald behaved perfectly. Ah! my dear think what it must have been to both of us when the terrible discovery was made that I was going to live. I forced his freedom on him and sent him from me. I bid him never to return unless I sent for him, and he has obeyed me.

"Do you know Dr. Julius Cope? He is a countryman of yours. Charlatan or none, his cures have been marvellous, and I resolved to try him. In six months I could use my arms, in a year he says I shall be as well and strong as ever I was in my life.

"Dr. Cope has just returned from Paris. He met you there—and Gerald, and told me what he heard. Surely, I said, Providence gives me one chance more, if I can stoop to beg my lover back from her. Give him to me, Imogen; you are young—beautiful—happy in your home."

So she plended with an impetuous rush of words that checked all reply from Imogen.

The two girls had clasped hands and were silent for an instant, Maud from exhaustion, Imogen seeking words, a melancholy little smile flitting across her pretty lips.

"How do I know that he is my lover? He has never told me so, and shall never be tempted to do so. I think I could have made him love me, perhaps; and I should have owned to [illegible] Maud. I never could have [illegible]

"Send Everard, [illegible] and let me go home to write more. Here, take and read this, it is all that has ever passed between us," and she tossed the crimson-sealed envelope into Maud's lap.

Everard stirred, yawned, and suddenly sat up.

"Imogen! Miss Langton! What have I been doing?"

"No harm, dear uncle the carriage has only just come to the door, and Miss Langton and I have been very happy."

"Why it is clear," cried Everard, rising and drawing a full breath.

"And starlight," said Imogen. "You said there were limits to every fog, and night and freedom on the other side of it. Good-bye, Maudie."

"God bless you, Imogen."

New Publications.

MAGAZINES.

Among the articles in the *North American Review* for September, three in particular merit the serious consideration of everyone who scrutinizes the tendencies of our government. [illegible] by Henry Lancaster Spalding, M.A., insists that this [illegible] of Government is doomed by the nature of the interest, nor by any settled [illegible] for the development of [illegible] The [illegible] of the Extension of the Currency is discussed by Don H. Dunt, who presents a striking array of forcible and original arguments against Mongolian immigration. Four distinguished writers on political economy, namely, David A. Wells, Thomas G. Shearman, J. B. Sargent, and Prof. W. G. Sumner, set forth, from every conceivable point of view, the Evils of the Tariff System; and it is announced that in the Review for October several writers of no less distinction will exhibit the Benefits of the Tariff System. The other articles in the current number are: The Demand of the Industrial Spirit, by Charles Dudley Warner; Inspiration and Infallibility, by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Ryland; [illegible] by Elizabeth Cady Stanton; and Our Remote Ancestry, by Prof. Alexander Winchell. The North American Review New York.

Cassell's Family Magazine for September presents a long and varied table of contents. Among the articles are instalments of two serials, several short stories, The Newspapers of the World; The Garden in August; England's Heritage in the West; An Invalid's Eating and Drinking; A Nineteenth Century Holiday Resort; How to Choose a Christian Name; The Queen's State Robes; What to Wear; music, poetry, and many crisp and instructive paragraphs under the head of The Gatherer. Nearly every article is illustrated. Price $1.50 a year. Cassell & Co., Publishers, 741 Broadway, New York.

Demorest's Illustrated Monthly Magazine for September is an extremely useful and entertaining number. The tales and poems are excellent, and The English Cathedrals; The Romance of the Century; and [illegible] New York, by Jenny June, are articles of unusual interest. There is much that will prove very useful in the household, in the way of fancy-work and fashion, and the illustrations add greatly to the attractiveness of this number. Published at New York.

FOR bilious fevers and malarial disorders use Ayer's Ague Cure. For [illegible] according to [illegible] is guaranteed.

Our Young Folks.

PAULINA AND PETER.

BY HARTLEY RICHARDS.

BRAVO! bravo! bravo!"

It was a tiny voice that spoke, sweet and clear as a nightingale's; but it was not a nightingale.

It was a large brown and scarlet butterfly, with a dash of purple in its wings.

The manniking paused in their gambols, and one made a bow, whilst another skipped up the scarlet runner that had suddenly shot up out of the ground, and twined in fantastic knots, and brought himself to a level with the butterfly.

"If you had but wings!" added the butterfly.

"Wings, ah yes! how we should like them!
Then we'd fly so high, so high,
Turning somersaults, and fluttering
Like——a graceful butterfly."

"Now," continued the manniking, "as you are an emperor, I really think that you might order some wings for us. What do you say?"

"A Red Emperor," observed the butterfly; "but after all that there's not much in it. It is, you see, all in the name. And I haven't really any power whatever to give wings or anything else. For you must know that I am under orders myself."

The manniking looked at the Red Emperor in surprise.

"And you an Emperor?" said he.

"Hasn't this scarlet runner sprung up so that we might run up it to speak to you?"

"That may or may not be," began the Emperor. "But——"

"But what?"

No, the Red Emperor was not speaking now.

Somehow the butterfly and the mannikins had got into the book that Paulina was reading to Peter.

Peter was sitting up in bed; he had also a book in his hand, and he threw it down and sprang out of bed, crying out—

"But what a splendid butterfly!"

"Oh, your sprained ankle, Peter!" cried Paulina.

But Peter was at the window, in fact, half out of it; and his left ankle, which was bound up with bandages, suddenly appeared to be as free from pain as his right ankle, which had nothing whatever the matter with it, and he leaned over the window-sill, murmuring—

"Dancing, prancing,
Filting, glancing,
Now retreating, now advancing,
Wait, and I will come to you,
For o'er the window, through, through, through."

"Oh, Peter! how can you?" said Paulina.

But Peter was gone, and when Paulina looked out of the window, she could see neither him, nor the mannikins, nor the scarlet runner.

Of course she could not, for they were not there. Where had they gone? oh where? oh where?

"Never mind, Paulina; it is a warm summer day."

Was it the great butterfly who spoke?

No one else was near, and he was cunning himself among the elder blossoms.

"Ho, ho, ho! away they go,
High and low, swift and slow,
Over and over, heels over head,
Peter and all the mannikins red."

Paulina now listened breathlessly.

"That is to say, the mannikins have red jackets and caps, and they are rolling along so fast, with Peter in the midst of them, that you will find it quite impossible to overtake them."

"Are you speaking to me?" said Paulina.

"Of course I am. Can't you hear what I am saying? I am Red Emperor."

"Then please, good Mr. Red Emperor, fly away, and tell Peter to come home again."

"I am an Emperor," replied the butterfly, "and I cannot be ordered by a little girl. You must get back Peter yourself."

"But I can't see Peter. Where is he?

"He's out of sight, oh quite! oh quite!
And up in cloudland such a height!
He's in a state of much delight,
But you must get him home ere night."

"But I can't get to cloudland."

"Of course not, you're much too heavy."

Paulina began to cry.

"If you make such a dreadful noise I shall fly away. Otherwise I shall stay, and tell you what to do in order to get Peter back."

"I will do anything in the world," said Paulina; "whatever you tell me to do I will at once do."

"There is but one thing to do—you must become an artist."

"That is impossible," sobbed Paulina. "What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"Take off that prim little cap. Tie up your hair with black ribbon, and put on a blouse. Then you will be an artist."

"But I've never learned to draw."

"Pooh!" said Red Emperor.

Paulina did not know where she was or how she came there, but she found herself before a wall on which hung a scroll with a face roughly sketched upon it.

Paulina had a stick with a bit of chalk at the end of it in her hand, and she did not know whether she had drawn the face or not.

"Perhaps I did," said she. "I think it is a likeness of the moon."

"Pooh!" answered a voice;

Paulina knew that it was not the Red Emperor, for he had flown away.

She looked round, but there was no one to be seen.

Still the voice went on speaking—

"It's the sun but just begun;
When it's done there will be fun,
Mannikins in red and blue,
Will bring something good for you."

"Who are you? where are you?" asked Paulina. "And do you know anything of Peter? He went with the mannikins."

"Yes, up in the clouds with them. I saw him. The clouds were drifting hither and thither, and he could not keep steady upon them, so he tumbled down to the earth again."

"Oh dear! oh dear! What a fall he must have had!"

Paulina heard a curious whistling, crackling laugh that seemed to go off in gusts; puff, puff! blow, blow, blow! phew, phew! and then it subsided into a gentle whistle.

"It's nothing to laugh at," said Paulina.

"He'll catch cold, and he must be very much hurt"

"No he isn't; he has hurt some one else instead. I saw him standing over the boy that he had knocked down."

"He was always fighting," murmured Paulina.

"And he had on a full suit of blue clothes," said the voice, "and striped stockings and a white collar."

"Blue! that's his best suit. How did he get it?"

"I don't know everything," replied the Wind, for it was the Wind who was speaking to Paulina; "but

I boxed his ears and ruffled his hair,
And left him standing astonished there."

"Oh!" ejaculated Paulina. "How can I get him home again?"

The Wind whistled for a short time, and then answered—

"By getting a palette, and brushes, and paint, and canvas, and becoming an artist. What is the use of wearing a blouse and long stockings, and having your hair tied with black ribbon, if you are not going to be an artist?"

The Wind had gone away, the scroll with the sun's face drawn upon it had vanished, and Paulina was not where she had been a few minutes before.

She did not know where she was, and everything seemed to be going the wrong way; but she saw the Red Emperor resting upon a rosebush, so she felt that she was not without a friend.

"I've been waiting for hours," said the Red Emperor testily, "and so has the easel, also the paints and palette; and the canvas is stretched and the sketch made. You have nothing to do but to mount up to your seat, and fill it with colors. Shade away, beginning at the left corner, and make haste."

Paulina looked at the canvas, upon which was the outline of a figure reclining on a rock.

She was going to say she could not shade it, when Red Emperor said sternly—

"No nonsense! mount to the seat and paint as fast as you can, for if the painting is not finished before the stars come out, Peter will never come home again."

Paulina scrambled up; she took the palette in one hand, the brush in the other, and began to put on the color as fast as she could.

She did not take any pains, but dabbed away beginning in the left-hand corner.

She scarcely looked at what she was doing; but somehow or other it answered, and the picture progressed rapidly.

Paulina herself was surprised, but she knew that she must lose no time, for the stars were only waiting for the twilight.

"The evening star, oh! don't let it come," said a very tiny little voice, that sounded like Peter's a long way off; and it went on saying—

"Oh! Peter's I have been a
Naughty boy, I know,
But I'll look up to the [illegible] dear,
Oh with the painting go."

"I should be dizzy if I looked down I am so very high up," answered Paulina; "but I should like to know where you are, Peter."

"Never mind where he is," said the Red Emperor, "so that he is somewhere: that is enough for you. He is not far off. You will descend as the picture draws near completion, and at the last stroke of your brush you will see him. Obey me, or Peter will vanish away, and you will never see him again."

Again Peter's voice was heard—

"Yes, I'm near you, but I've grown very small, the Wind shook me about till I was only half the size I ought to be, just for knocking down a boy who came in my way. Go on, Paulina; paint away, make no delay, or I shall have to go away."

And the Emperor said, "Go on."

And Paulina went on with her work.

Her palette was almost clean, so thoroughly had she used up all the colors upon it, and the painting only wanted a few more touches, which she added carefully.

Then she drew a little backward to take a view of her picture.

She closed her eyes for a moment, the better to consider the subject, and when she opened them, the picture, the easel, the palette, and brushes had disappeared, and she was standing in a garden where roses and lilies and red carnations were growing, and fountains were sending up white spray.

The Red Emperor was there also.

And beside Paulina there stood Peter himself.

"I am my proper size again," said he.

"It's been a very wonderful journey, and I've seen wonderful sights."

Paulina kissed him, saying—

"Never let a happier be
Whatever [illegible]
Henceforth be content with me,
Little brother."

"Of course he must be content," said the Red Emperor severely.

"Of course he must," echoed the Wind, "if not, I shall whirl him away to the top of a mountain."

"Of course he must," said two mannikins who suddenly appeared in sight, rolling and pushing along what seemed to Paulina to be the half of a large orange.

Not that it was anything of that sort.

"It's a casket of gold
[illegible]
Where [illegible] are working for ever
All [illegible],
If you feel [illegible],
Or would [illegible]"

And one of the mannikins tumbled over it, and turned somersaults, and rolled it up to Paulina.

And the Wind whispered very softly to her—

"Little maid I told you true,
Mannikins in red and blue
Would [illegible] and [illegible] you
If [illegible]
For the setting of the [illegible]"

"Yes, yes," said Paulina; "it's all true; but the painting's gone and it all seems like a dream; and I've got Peter back, and his ankle's well. But how did he get his blue suit?"

But that neither the Red Emperor nor the Wind told her; neither did Peter, for when she asked him the question he only said—

"I don't know!"

AT THE MILL.

BY MARY R. PENN.

HE was a big awkward fellow working with patient skill in an old-fashioned saw-mill, and living on the fair outskirts of a pretty village.

His home was a grey old farmhouse, where he dwelt with two maiden aunts, one of whom was a weak, fragile invalid, quick-tempered and querulous; the other was stout and strong in body, but idiotic and silent.

Often he was tempted to go away—to rush out into the world, and leave the old place to the dogs, and the old women to the workhouse; but a dogged sense of duty held him, so he stayed and worked on.

One of the handsomest farms in the county had stretched its green fields about the old house twenty years ago, but when Ralph Mydack's young wife died and left her baby boy, the husband, always retlcent, had grown positively gloomy.

His two sisters seldom heard him speak but one day, when little Ralph was about five years old, his moody father said, in a strange, stern way—

"I'm going to sell the farm. You two girls can live here in the old house, and I will deposit money enough in the bank to keep you until I can send you some more. I shall go to Australia."

Huldah, the invalid, cried out piteously, but her brother paid no heed.

Hannah, the idiot, stared stonily but spoke not.

That day the farm and mill on the little river were sold to a large company that had been trying for some time to buy it, in order to erect a cotton mill there.

Ralph Mydack came home and packed his trunk, but his motions were unsteady, his face pale, and before night he was sick, very sick.

There was little that two helpless women could do for him; the farm hands were dismissed, all but Jared, who was to stay and take care of the cow; so they sent him off for the doctor, but when he returned, Ralph Mydack was dead.

Ten bitter years dragged slowly by.

The little money in the bank was soon exhausted, and partly upon charity, partly by the few vegetables the neighbors helped them to raise in the garden patch, the two old women and the awkward, sullen boy lived on.

It was well known that a large sum of money had been paid to Mr. Mydack for his farm, but the company had failed almost immediately after, so nothing was done about the cotton mills, and from the hour of the payment, when the legal papers were signed, all trace of the money disappeared as effectually as though it had been dropped into the sea of oblivion.

Lawyers searched the old house, looked over the few papers and books that Mr. Mydack had evidently intended to take with him, and searched his wearing apparel, and gave up in despair.

Little Ralph grew up a stout, healthy lad, and when he was thirteen, he asked some of the neighbors to help him rig the old saw-mill anew, so that he might saw logs and thus eke out his scanty support.

Everybody felt kindly towards him, and so soon after seven, when the water was high, he would work away at the old saw, sawing the logs, earning quite an independence.

It was here that Gertrude Kendennis found him one day early in June.

He had seen her bright face about there the year before, but had turned away from her pleasant words with a moodiness that was almost rude.

For what had his weary, toilsome life to do with beauty and kind words?

What, indeed?

And yet she would not let him be.

She went every day and watched, as by a resistless fascination, that pitiless, green saw tearing its slow way through the logs, making them useful while seeming only to destroy them.

He was twenty years old at last, and she was nineteen.

She had been fussing about the old house, making gruel for Huldah, and trying to coax a smile upon Hannah's stolid face, but really only waiting for Ralph to return from his work.

He came in soon and seeing her standing alone in the clean, poorly-furnished room, he went straight to her, and taking both her hands in his, he said—

"Now Gertrude Miss Kendennis—you really must not come here in this manner. People are talking of it down in the village. I heard it remarked upon today, and if you or mine should hear of it, he would send you to a nunnery or kill me outright."

"Oh, you do not want me here?" she said, trying to speak playfully, but with a little moan in her voice.

"I do—I do," he answered, putting his arm about her, holding her close, and touching her hair with a quick, caressing motion.

"God knows it is worse than death to send you away; but my darling, see! a long, weary life stretching before me. Some work to be done here and you having the bright bird just out of reach. Could I drag you down to share this poor old nest? No, no! it would not be right. I have sworn a duty too long to dare to desert her now."

"But you are so young," she murmured, leaning her face on his shoulder—he could feel her breath against his cheek.

His heart beat so fast he thought it would stop; and that moment of rapture paid him for the suffering of years.

"So young and so ambitious—and there is the invention down at the mill, I am sure that it is going to work well."

"Yes; but I have been to the village today for the last time, trying to raise seventy pounds to pay for the patent, and I cannot do it. Nobody has any faith in it—they think it is a boy's scheme, and I am quite discouraged."

"Oh, if I only had my money——"

"Yes, but you have not, my darling; nor would I touch one penny of it if you had. No, you must go back to your own home and your own relations. I shall never marry, dear, but I shall cherish your memory as my one blessedest gift. Now, don't feel badly—don't."

They were both sobbing together by this time.

She put her arm up around his neck, and their two tear-wet faces nestled against each other like two grieved children.

Hannah put her white, flabby face in at the door, to say that dinner was ready, and seeing the young people standing together there, she started nervously, and exclaimed—

"Lawsakes! that's courtin', now, ain't it?" and as they neither moved nor spoke, she went softly across the floor, and whispered—"Ralphie, boy, are you goin' to be married?"

"Yes, auntie," answered Gertrude; "and we want your blessing."

"But you want your money, too, don't you?"

"Yes, certainly; the marriage portion," said Ralph, bitterly, brushing the tears from his eyes, and trying to face his lonely life once more.

"Then come upstairs," she laughed out, in her queer, wild fashion.

"What does she mean?" asked Gertrude, wonderingly.

"I do not know," Ralph answered. "I have not heard her speak so many words at a time in ten years."

Beckoning them to follow her, she climbed the worn old stairs—up, up to the dusty garret, where broken chairs and long-idle spinning-wheels made up the furniture.

Down behind the big chimney crept the dark woman, and drew out a large loose bundle of rags, in which were slily hidden rolls of strong parchment.

They opened them there in the changeful light that filtered through the time-stained window.

There were twenty thousand dollars in gold. The price of the farm lands.

Not a great fortune, it is true, but a fabulous sum for the young people, who were bravely and defiantly married ere long, to the great wonder of the village folks.

And Ralph's invention was a queer new saw that has been winning much notice in the mechanical world for years.

Oh, happy loved and lover!

"MA," said Jennie Parvenu, at Newport, "they say those Smiths who have got the Jones's cottage are awfully stylish, and have got a pedigree." "Got the pedigree, have they?" said Mrs. Parvenu, excitedly; "well, you keep away from them, for I don't want you to catch it.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 800 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

REVERIES.

BY RITA.

'Tis pleasant, on a winter's night,
When storms beat on the window-pane,
Before a fire with flickering light
To dream our past life o'er again:
Sweet times and scenes to interlace,
Unseen h friendships to renew,
And in shifting embers trace
Each well remember'd form and face,
Whose very quaintness makes them true.

How scathless were life's early hours,
How calm, how musical their flow,
When, as we stray'd, we gather'd flowers,
And fancied 'twould be ever so!
Our fledgling hearts had ta'en a flight,
Far off from human ken or call;
But moments Fancy drew so bright
Have only lent a chequer'd light,
To show Time may cheat us all.

Where are they gone, that joyous throng,
Who round our hearths encircled drew,
Whose smile was sunshine—voice was song,
Affection's promptings all they knew?
Alas! the storms ne'er felt before
Have chill'd their hearts, and sped their wing;
Their brief, congenial spring-time o'er,
They seek upon a distant shore,
Like truant birds, a second spring.

The rain has ceased, hush'd is the wind,
The lately gleaming hearth-stone dark;
The coals are black, but leave behind
Their lonely watch-fire in a spark.
So may our warmest feelings learn
To light Hope's lamp, not all in vain,
Once more the cheerful hearth may burn,
Once more each absent friend return,
And hold their empire here again!

SELF-ESTIMATES.

THE question, "Can an author criticise his own work?" has been variously answered.

Milton's preference of "Paradise Regained" to "Paradise Lost," has often been instanced as an example of the false judgments writers form of their works.

Of a writer who formed the most exaggerated and erroneous notions about the merits of his works, no better example could be given than Southey.

He was, indeed, as Macauley remarked in his diary, arrogant beyond any man in literary history; for his self-conceit was proof against the severest admonitions, and the utter failure of one of his books only confirmed him in his belief of its excellence.

Nor did he think more meanly of himself as a historian, for he predicted that he would stand above Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon—nay, he went even further, and challenged comparison with the Father of History.

"I have flattered myself," he says, "that my 'History of Brazil' might in more points than one be compared to Herodotus, and will hereafter stand in the same relation to the history of that large portion of the new world as his history does to that of the old."

Southey's friend and admirer, Walter Savage Landor, resembled him in the exalted notions he entertained of the value of his own productions.

"I have published," he says, in the conversation with Hare, "five volumes of 'Imaginary Conversations;' cut the most of them through the middle, and there will remain in the decimal fraction enough to satisfy my appetite for fame. I shall dine late, but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select."

"Be patient," he says in another place; "from the higher heavens of poetry it is long before the radiance of the brightest star can reach the world below. We hear that one man finds out one beauty, another man finds out another, placing his observatory and instruments on the poet's grave. The worms must have eaten us before we rightly know what we are. It is only when we are skeletons that we are boxed, ticketed and shown. Be it so! I shall not be tired of waiting."

"Knowing," he again writes, "that in two thousand years there have not been five volumes of prose (the work of one man) equal to my 'Conversations,' I can indeed afford to wait."

If conscious of earthly things, we fear he may be waiting still.

"There are two things," says Dr. Johnson to Reynolds, "which I am confident I can do very well; one is an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner; the other is a conclusion proving from various causes why the execution has not been been equal to what the author promised himself and the public."

The Doctor was, on the whole, a very honest critic of his own productions.

"I showed him," writes Boswell, "as a curiosity that I had discovered, his translation of 'Lobo's Account of Abyssinia,' which Sir John Pringle had lent me, it being then little known as one of his works. He said:

"'Take no notice of it,' or, 'Don't talk of it.'

"He seemed to think it beneath him, though done at six-and-twenty. I said to him:

"'Your style, sir, is much improved since you translated this.'

"He answered, with a sort of triumphant smile:

"'Sir, I hope it is.'"

One one occasion when some person read his "Irene" aloud, he left the room, saying he did not think it had been so bad. Reviewing the "Rambler" late in life, he shook his head and said it was "too wordy."

Of all classes of writers, perhaps the most vain are amateur poets and great classical scholars. An amusing instance of conceit in one of the former class is given in Cyrus Redding's "Recollections."

Once meeting with Colton, the author of "Lacon," they entered into conversation. Colton invited him to his house, and quoted many lines from a poem he was composing called "Hypocrisy." "Now," said he, "do you think any lines of Pope more euphonious than these?"

His conceit at first surprised Redding; but, seeing his weak side he flattered him. "Really, they are very good, and very like——"

"There, sir; I think these will convince you I write verses of some merit."

It would fail us to repeat all the anecdotes that might be told of the vanity of scholars. Richard Bentley, whom Macauley calls the greatest scholar that has appeared in Europe since the revival of learning, always spoke, acted and wrote as if he considered a great scholar the greatest of men.

In the preface to his edition of "Horace" he describes at some length the characteristics of the ideal critic, and pretty clearly indicates that he regarded himself as that modest individual. If, in scholarship, Samuel Parr was inferior to Bentley, his vanity was at least equally colossal.

"Shepherd," he once said to one of his friends, "the age of great scholars is past. I am the only one now remaining of that race of men."

Grains of Gold.

Little things console us because little things afflict us.

Learning is pleasurable, but doing is the height of enjoyment.

All life aims are vain that aim at anything less than Heaven.

Being found true of heart, Heaven is the goal of the humblest life.

Malice sucks the greatest part of her own venom, and poisons herself.

Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.

It is human nature to love to make experiments at the expense of others.

A conscience void of offence before God and man is an inheritance for eternity.

He who cannot command his thoughts must not hope to command his actions.

It is easy to love our fellow men. Do good to them and you will be sure to love them.

Discontent with one's gift destroys the power of those that one has, and brings no others.

Let no man complain of the shortness of life until he has measured the full capacity of a day.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

Silence is generally safe, and generally prudent, but there are times when it is disgraceful to be silent.

Wear a cheerful countenance. If your mirror won't smile on you, how can you expect anybody will?

It is a sign of wisdom to be willing to receive instructions; the most intelligent sometimes stand in need of it.

In the blackest soils grow the richest flowers, and the loftiest and strongest trees spring heavenward among the rocks.

Everywhere a Christian should be a positive power, so that wherever he carries himself, so will carry the power of Christianity.

Think before thou speakest—first, what thou shalt speak; second, why thou shouldst speak; thirdly, to whom thou mayest have to speak.

A large library is liable to distract rather than to instruct the learner. It is much better to be confined to a few authors than to wander at random over many.

Femininities.

Boston and Brooklyn ladies now hail the street cars by blowing a tin whistle.

Every true love finds its response, and the highest love is the highest wisdom.

A twelve-year-old girl out in Nevada, herself an expert shot, has opened a shooting gallery.

We are cured of love as we are cured of sorrow: the heart has not the power always to mourn or always to love.

Among the wives of Utah there may be found, it is said, women from nearly every nation except France.

Doctor Crosby says that if the young ladies were all what they should be, we'd never see a dude nor a dog-cart.

Aspiration in us is like the babe's mouth that seeks the mother's bosom; and when we aspire we seek the bosom of God.

In all things let the woman ask what will please the men of sense before she asks what will please the men of fashion.

A pleasant girl—Jennie Rosity. A sick girl—Sallie Vate. A smooth girl—Amelia Ration. One of the best girls—Ella Gant.

Just as the weed is rooted from the flower-bed, so should all that is base and common be removed far away from the neighborhood of woman.

The honeymoon—Wife (after a little tiff): "But you love me, dear—(sniff)—still?" Husband (cross old thing): "Oh, my, yes—the stiller the better."

India is said to have 21,000,000 widows, and not one of them, according to the Hindoo usage, may marry again. This is a sort of spinster protection law.

A bachelor, upon reading that "two lovers will sit up all night with one chair in the room," said it couldn't be done unless one of them sat on the floor. Such ignorance is painful.

There has nearly always been a good wife behind every great man, and there is a good deal of truth in the saying that a man can be no greater than his wife will let him.

A woman has no more bewitching grace than a sweet laugh. It leaps from the heart in a clear, sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in an exhilarating spring.

Says a German paper: "In Frankfort, Weisbaden, Bingen, and Dillenburgh societies have lately been formed for abolishing the prevailing custom of removing the hat as a sign of greeting."

The more one has to do with women the more one learns to know them: and the more one learns to know them the more one learns to love them; and as we love them we are loved in return.

"Don't you admire the range of my mind?" asked a literary woman of her husband. "No," was the painfully frank reply, "the kitchen range possesses a great deal more attraction for me."

"The bread of life is love, the salt of life is work, the sweetness of life is poesy, and the water of life faith. A true woman is a compound of them all." Isn't that a pretty dish to set before your wife?

Do not trust to uncertain riches, but prepare yourselves for every emergency in life. Learn to work, and be not dependent upon servants to make your bread, mend your clothes, or sweep your floor.

An old lady gave this as her idea of a great man: "One who is keerful of his clothes, don't drink sperits, kin read without spellin' the words, and eat a cold dinner on wash-day without grumblin'."

The Co-Operative Dress Association, which was started by Kate Field in New York, and failed, has been sold, with all the rights, privileges and franchises thereunto belonging or in any wise pertaining, for $75.

Strictly English titles of honor have no feminine form, and in early Saxon times when women were of small account, a wife like the spouse of the historic Yankee squire was the "same fool she always was." Even the queen was but *queen*, or woman.

Because there were guests at dinner, little Lucy had been told not to ask for anything. In serving a certain dish she was overlooked. A few minutes after her mother asked the maid to fetch a plate. "Will you have mine, mamma?" she asked; "it's quite clean."

A youthful-appearing couple have been detected in a strange conspiracy to obtain money. They visited different cities as single persons, obtained positions in society, courted each other and were married. In every case the wedding presents amounted to something handsome.

At a recent birthday festival in an interior town, an old lady of ninety-two played "Auld Lang Syne" on the piano. It is needless to say that she had outlived all who had heard her practice and play in her early years. Had any of her early auditors lived the wonder would be worth recording.

A ticket agent who lived with his family over a depot, once observed that his wife never took the train she expected to take. When her train arrived she generally had one shoe on and was looking out of the window, with one eye on the train and the other eye looking for her second boot.

"Good morning, sir," said a pale youth on entering a newspaper office yesterday; "is the editor in?" "Yes, sir; what can I do for you?" "Please discontinue the paper that I ordered sent to Miss Jones at Blankville." "Certainly. Has the young lady gone back on you?" "Worse than that." "How worse?" "Why I—I—great heavens!—I married her!"

So long as dress does not violate the principles of beauty or the laws of health, so long as it is made comfortable to position, use and circumstances, so long is it to be encouraged, not only as a source of enjoyment, but as the fulfillment of a serious duty—for the love of dress, which is to the body what language is to thought, is as true an instinct as is the love of what is beautiful and good.

News Notes.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's last bonnet cost $150.

Cuba contains nearly fifty thousand Chinamen.

Tradition makes the game of chess 5,000 years old.

Linen shirts were first worn in England about 1253.

A bootblack in New Orleans has a proud record of 1.47.

Germany has 454 theatres, and nearly 10,000 actors.

New York has an Italian population of about fifty thousand.

A fashionable revolt against late dinners is reported from London.

The full strength of England's armed force in Ireland is 45,000 men.

Tea, say the Chinese, is a drink which relieves thirst and dissipates sorrow.

They are beginning to call the wealthy cattle men out West "bullionaires."

In Shubuta, Miss., the boys take the girls out driving in buggies drawn by oxen.

One pound of rice gives 88 per cent. nutriment, and one pound of meat 28 per cent.

Two baseball cubs in Milwaukee have the pretty names of Potato Bugs and Cockroaches.

Snapping-turtle fights are becoming a favorite diversion of the people on Staten Island.

A pineappe of papier mache, for use at deserts, is among the latest English inventions.

Thirty-two thousand photographs brought up in the Dead Letter Office at Washington last year.

The French Senate has voted to abolish the offering of prayer at the beginning of its sessions.

A piece of news from Boston: "A great many New Yorkers are said to be pawning their diamonds."

A new song has for its title and the burden of its refrain, "Why Did They Dig Ma's Grave So Deep?"

A large gray squirrel was chased through the streets of Norwich, Conn., the other day by a flock of sparrows.

In changing the style of clothing for convicts in the Ohio penitentiary, striped goods have been abandoned.

Much mutilated and spurious coin is worked off in the Slawson boxes of bob-tail cars in New York for fares.

In an old tenement that was recently pulled down in London thirteen cartloads of cockroaches were carried away.

In Tiflis, recently, a remarkable hail storm occurred. The stones were as large as geese eggs; 40 lives were lost and 70 houses ruined.

Cyrus W. Field recently gave a banquet to 200 persons on the roof of his immense new building, at the foot of Broadway, N. Y.

The bricks used in the construction of his church, in Tennessee, are said to have been all made by Rev. W. H. Key, colored, the pastor.

There are only two places in Paris where a real Havana cigar can be bought. One firm has a monopoly of selling them in the French capital.

The highest salary now paid any base ball player in this country is said to be $6,200 a year, and he has an offer of $5,000 from Chicago for next season.

A pensioner at Kingston, N. H., has painted his dwelling red, white and blue, on the patriotic ground that the Government has paid for the house.

Major Andre, the spy, stood before a looking-glass on the morning of his execution and drew a portrait of himself. It is preserved in the Capitol at Albany.

One of the Gainesville, Texas, papers wants an ordinance against bathing within the city limits; the other wants an ordinance to compel some people to bathe.

An infant in Atlanta, Ga., was smothered to death, recently, by a pillow that had been placed by its head to hold up a piece of mosquito netting, falling on the face.

Nihilism has found a poet in Sweden, Augustus Strindburg, who sings the praises of its theories, going so far as to indite a hymn to the honor and glory of dynamite.

An ingenious New York dealer in birds has taught parrots to repeat "campaign cries." The instructed birds are in great demand for the enlivenment of club rooms.

A New York physician says he has a patient who has a horror of words containing the letters "eh," and another who is driven into hysterics by a certain shade of blue.

A young man living at Lyons, N. Y., experimented with a quart of peanuts, two quarts of cherries and a pint or two of ice water, the other day. His funeral was largely attended.

St. Genevieve county, Mo., has a ball club made up of nine brothers. More singular still, all the players are named Greisbaber, thus showing there has been no stepfather in the case.

While watching the raising of a circus tent at Muncie, Ind., the other day, a Mrs. Smith recognized in one of the trained dogs an animal which had been stolen from her two years ago.

Blaine is the name of a new postoffice in Logan county, Ark. There is only one Hendricks county in the United States, and it is situated in Indiana. There is a postoffice named Tilden near Memphis.

A family living near Mount Morris, Mich., believes itself and belongings to have been bewitched, and, among other methods of obtaining relief, has cut nicks in the ears of the cattle and swine about the place.

Dame Ursula.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

IF unkept walks, trailing, neglected creepers, and a heavy overgrowth of ivy are the essentials of the picturesque, Clovis Court presented them all.

There were box trees that had formerly represented pyramids, garden seats, and lively crowing cocks—but the hands that pruned them were gone, and the spectator now only saw ragged and untidy foliage.

The bowling-green, once like velvet, had added nettles and thistles to its own rank crop.

Could one of the beauties who a century ago bowled there have seen it, she would have picked up her dainty skirts and fled.

A beauty of a century later stands amongst the desolation.

What a picture is the auburn-haired maiden leaning against an old, weather-beaten sun-dial!

Simply clad in a dark gray dress, a bunch of pale yellow chrysanthemums carelessly fixed near the throat, her white little hands clasped before her, Ursula Baring looked sadly over the waste.

True loveliness seldom rests long unseen and a large rift in the brick wall displayed our heroine to the gaze of a young man who was riding slowly past.

It was but a minute's work to dismount, secure the bridle to a convenient tree, and scale the broken wall.

With heightened color and quick steps, which caused the fair maiden to turn with a startled blush, Guy Norman reached the sun-dial.

"Mr. Norman! why are you here?"

"Because you are here," replied the young man coolly, and at the same time firmly securing one of the little white hands.

"But," demurred Ursula, feebly trying to re-possess herself of her hand, "we are forbidden to meet. Your uncle——"

"Is an old reptile! Ursie, be sensible! They keep us apart, heaven knows, cleverly enough! let us be happy, my darling, while we have the chance."

The girl's face paled—she trembled and looked down.

"Guy, I love you—oh! indeed, I love you! but my mother trusts me. She said your uncle had told her he could not hear of anything between us; and we are very proud, Guy!"

The young man dropped her hand hastily.

"You don't love as I do, or uncles and mothers would be nothing to you," he said haughtily.

Ursula looked up with her lovely, tremulous gaze of love.

"Uncles, perhaps not! but mothers, Guy! What are girls good for who do not love and honor mothers like mine?"

A handsome, winning face stooped to her own, and begged forgiveness.

They had been plighted lovers a week ago, and the break which prudent counsels had made was so recent, I will beg you to forgive my Ursula who yielded her lovely lips to kiss those waiting for them. It was brief bliss, though, for she heard a voice calling her.

"Good-bye, my darling," murmured the lover, "we will surmount our troubles yet."

"Oh, for Dame Ursula's treasure!" sighed the modern Ursula, as, half laughing, she sped away to the cottage across the road.

For to live in Clovis Court without a retinue of servants and a huge bill for repairs were impossibilities.

So the widowed Mrs. Baring, the lovely Ursula, and a younger daughter, helpless through spinal disease, lived with one old servant in a little cottage which overlooked their ruined inheritance.

Tea was over, and Ursula knelt by the invalid's sofa.

"Nora, darling, it is so hard, so hard!" she sobbed, leaning her head against her sister's hand.

How tenderly that gentle hand caressed her!

"Take heart, my dearest, something will happen yet to help you!"

Ursula raised her tearful face with an attempt at a smile.

"Do you mean Dame Ursula's treasure?" at which Nora laughed softly, for nothing seemed further off than that.

Now some fifty years before this date Clovis Court was the dwelling place of the rich Dame Ursula Baring.

She amassed riches year by year for her only child, a son, who had gone abroad, and she meant to make him wealthy and prosperous on his return.

One sad day Dame Ursula had tidings that her son was dead.

She immediately became demented and lived in a wild sort of dream for a year, and then died suddenly.

Then came news that the son had left a wife and little boy to mourn him, and search was made for the property.

Previous to her death the old dame had converted all she could into money, and now not a penny piece could be found for her rightful heir!

The excitement became great, and certain dishonest and adventurous persons had surreptitiously raised and opened Dame Ursula's coffin, thinking she had tried to take her wealth with her; all in vain.

In queer writing, done with her diamond ring on a window in her bed-room (the ring was missing now), were the words: "Time will show where my treasure lies."

At the end of fifty years her lovely great-granddaughter Ursula, could not wed the man she loved because he depended on the will of an uncle, and she had nothing.

The widowed mother had allowed as many excavations to take place at Clovis Court as could happen without bringing down the walls.

Then she devoted herself with great thrift to living on the next to nothing she had, and interested herself in poultry, pigs, and repairing linen.

She did not moan over her fortunes, and tried to make her girls cheerful and happy, succeeding admirably until that terrible fellow "Love" appeared.

Guy Norman was packed off to the Continent just as the dull winter days set in.

Ursula could not bear to think of Christmas, and hated helping to make plum-puddings with a sore heart.

She was so pitiful in appearance one day that Nora begged her to go for a walk, and not make the pudding salt with tears!

Glad to escape, Ursula hurried out into the wintry road.

Everything looked dull and gray, and the girl after walking briskly for a time, turned by a side path into the garden of the deserted court.

She wandered past the stately windows; then, with a natural inclination for everything as dismal as herself, she resolved to explore the old house.

Fetching a key, she let herself in and paused a moment, startled by the echo of her own footfall in the weird silence; then she passed boldly on, determined to see old Dame Ursula's room.

A quaint, low-roofed place, with lattice windows—an old four-post bed-stead still stood there with faded, damp hangings of blue.

Our Ursula was earnestly gazing on the lines engraved on the window, "Time will show where my treasure lies," when she saw a herd of cattle getting into the garden through the broken wall.

There was not much to spoil, truly, but a sense of order made Ursula resolve to try and dismiss the intruders.

Quickly she ran out into the passage and sped down-stairs; seizing her umbrella she valiantly waved it as she appeared in the garden, and great consternation occured.

The cattle ran hither and thither, and none of them turned towards the gap in the wall.

They ran against each other and everything else, but finally they were induced to go, and Ursula, looking over the debris of a battle-field where she had come off victorious, found that the old sun-dial was broken down.

In real sorrow—for this had been a trysting spot where Guy and she had passed many a pleasant "greeting fair"—she ran towards it; then stopped and turned pale with excitement.

There was a large hollow beneath where the sun-dial had stood, and in it were mouldy-looking bags and boxes!

It was getting dusk now, and Ursula ran swiftly home.

"Mother—Nora—leave your puddings! Come, mother, to the court, for the—the—treasure is found!"

The speech ended in sobs and they looked solemnly at each other. Only the old servant shrewdly asked:

"And where is it, Miss Ursula, dear?"

"Under the sun-dial; some cows knocked it down."

"'Time,'" cried Nora excitedly, "'time will show,' the old dame said. "Oh, mother, Martha, go at once."

And they went—and found such riches as they had never dreamed of.

All the country called at the cottage, the cruel uncle recalled the luckless lover, a marriage took place while mistletoe boughs were hanging still green, and now Guy and Ursula have settled to a country life, and Ursula takes personal delight in her dairy.

Her husband declares she is in danger of actually worshipping the cow, in oriental fashion, so great is her gratitude for the discovery of Dame Ursula's Treasure

THE KING'S WINKS.—One of Canute's attendants, a youth, recently arrived at court, and desirous of establishing himself in the good graces of his master, inquired of an old official how he could best attain the object of his ambition. "Nothing easier," maliciously replied the other; "you have only to imitate him in everything, and you are certain to please him." The novice took the hint, and, remarking that the king had a habit of constantly winking, resolved to lose no time in following his example; and was no sooner admitted into the royal presence than he began to wink so persistently that it attracted the attention of the monarch, who asked him if he were afflicted with ophthalmia. "No sire," he answered, "not in the least. I only wink because your majesty winks, and I thought to please you by doing the same." "You have pleased me without knowing it," said the king, to the astonishment of the courtiers, who stood aghast at the young man's presumption "by curing me, I trust, of a bad habit into which I had unconsciously fallen. But remember that in the future you will please me more by endeavoring to imitate the good qualities of others instead of their defects."

"ARE you married?" asked the justice of a man who had been arrested for vagrancy. "No, I am not married, but my wife is." "No trifling with the court." "Heaven save us! I'm not trifling with the court. I was married, but got a divorce. My wife got married again, but I didn't; so I am not married, but my wife is."

WHAT HE GOT.

She said, "My patience is most spent,
That fellow's such an awful bore.
I must some way a hint invent
That he is welcome here no more."

A note he penned, and thus it read:
"My dear—I had a pleasant dream,
For you and I together wed,
Were sailing on life's sunlit stream;
So smoothly o'er its windings borne
In Love's fair bark, it seemed to me,
Till I awoke to sigh and mourn—
Since bark and love were both at sea."

She answers him: "Do not deplore,
Tho' in your dream the bark might flee,
To-tarka you're welcome by the score
Next time you call to visit me."

He called that night, and at the gate
Was met by growls and barks galore;
He cursed the dog, for, sure as fate,
If he meant love, the dog meant war.

A bridal he had sought, but not
A bit, tho' flute was all he got.

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

A swell affair—A boil.

Nota bene—A Boston famine.

Quick at figures—A dancing master.

A case in point—Where the pin enters.

The most deceiving age—The sausage.

Spell brandy with three letters. B, R, and Y.

Who has ever been pushed by a shoulder of mutton?

The family nursery is generally a big bawl room.

Runaway horses generally leave some trace behind.

Long legs, crooked thighs, bald head and no eyes. Tongs.

Where is the person who was ever felt for by the heart of an oak?

Was any barber ever applied to to shave the beard of an oyster?

Why should the poet have expected the woodman to "spare that tree?" Because he thought he was a good feller.

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10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25
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13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
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16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	.50
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32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

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A cool proceeding—Icebergs in motion.

Who has ever seen the cow that had calves to its legs?

Wine loosens a man's tongue; marriage loosens a woman's.

A man can express his feelings and still send them by mail.

Where is the identical nose of the bellows that ever smelt a rat?

A duck before two ducks; a duck behind two ducks; and a duck between two ducks. How many in all? Three.

Why are washerwomen great travelers? Because the are continually crossing the line and running from pole to pole.

What animal has death no effect upon? A pig, because when you have killed him you can cure him and save his bacon.

New servant—"Oh, if you havent any children I can't come, because whenever anything gets broken there will be no one to blame it on but me."

A woman ought to be proud for having her husband a man of letters, but when she finds that the letters comes from some other woman, a row generally follows.

YOUNG MEN!--READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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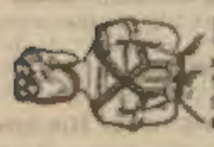

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THE BEST

Hair restorative in the world is HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. It cures all diseases of the scalp, and stimulates the hair glands to healthful action. It stops the falling of the hair; prevents its turning gray; cures baldness, and restores youthful color and freshness of appearance to heads already white with age. The following are a few illustrations of what is done by

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER:

☞ MRS. HUNNEBERRY, *344 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.*, after a severe attack of Erysipelas in the head, found her hair—already gray—falling off so rapidly that she soon became quite bald. One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER brought it back as soft, brown and thick as when she was a girl.

☞ MR. KESLING, an old farmer, near *Warsaw, Ind.*, had scarcely any hair left, and what little there was of it had become nearly white. One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER stopped its falling out, and gave him a thick, luxuriant head of hair, as brown and fresh as he ever had.

☞ MRS. A. T. WALL, *Greenfield, Cheshire, Eng.*, writes: "I have found the greatest benefit from the use of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER, it having restored my hair, which was rapidly falling off, and returned its original color."

☞ DR. EMIL SEIP, *Detroit, Mich.*, certifies that "HALL'S HAIR RENEWER is excellent for hair growing, and gives back the natural color to faded and gray hair."

☞ MRS. S. E. ELLIOTT, *Glenville, W. Va.*, says: "One bottle of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER restored my hair to its natural, youthful color."

No injurious substances enter into the composition of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER, and it is not a dye. Its vegetable ingredients render it in the highest degree beneficial to the scalp as a preventive of disease. Its effects are natural and lasting, and it does not make the hair dry and brashy, like the so-called restoratives compounded with alcohol.

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FOR THE
WHISKERS

Is, in four respects, superior to all others.

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3d—It is a single preparation, and more convenient of application than any other hair or whisker dye.

4th—It contains no deleterious ingredients, as do many preparations offered for like use.

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"SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN"

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☞ DR. LUTZE, Ex. U. S. Ex. Surgeon, author of various monograms on the Diseases of Women, etc., etc., treats female diseases exclusively, at office or by letter. Advice free. In writing for advice, address DR. LUTZE, care Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Sufferers from this pernicious habit will do well to write to DR. MARSH, of Quincy, Mich., who has a world wide reputation for the cures he has made during the past twelve years. The main points to be communicated are the present state of health, length of time used, and present amount of drug used per week. Sanitarium Treatment when desired. Send for testimonials from leading physicians and representative men and women cured.

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SURE CURE for epilepsy (fits) or spasms free to the poor. Dr. Kruse, 325 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

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COMPANION MASTERPIECES!

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"THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER."

12X16 INCHES IN SIZE.

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"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" depicts the glory of the Eastern Landscape.

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☞THEY ARE NOT CHEAP CHROMOS.☜

It will be distinctly understood that these unique works of art are not cheap, gaudily-colored chromos. They are perfect imitations of the finest oil and water colors. They have no resemblance whatever to the ordinary cheap chromos and colored lithographs now so common; but are really SOLID WORKS OF ART, and cannot fail to so impress every lover of the beautiful, and every one who takes the least interest in HOUSEHOLD DECORATION, for they would ornament any room, and lend grace to any wall, however humble.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE Summer at all the fashionable watering-places has hitherto been so unusual in point of dullness and of unseasonable weather that doubtless the number of diaphanous robes which have been left in the interior of the trunks where they repose is very large.

At the seashore and in the mountains, especially flannel and cloth suits, costumes of mohair, and of bison cloth of the moderate weights have been far more useful than lawns, organdies and lace and foulard; and Newmarkets, English double-breasted walking jackets, have been more in demand than Newport scarfs, Algerian-tinted stripped shawls, or even the crape shawls, which, is richly tinted creamy white, are so exceptionally fashionable this season.

And once more it has been most conclusively proved that in our changeable climate, where the seasons seem so often to lose their heads and get jumbled in together so that one could, without a calender, scarcely tell them one from another, a Summer wardrobe must be well sprinkled throughout with moderately thick "demi-saison" clothing if it is to be at all complete.

The wool dress must be the inseparable companion of the Swiss and the nainsook gown.

And rich dresses, in the silk, brocade, velvet, surah line, as would be worn of a Winter evening, must be provided for cool and damp midsummer nights, when, as likely as not, a fire is a welcome addition to the pleasures of the mountain or seaside hotel.

Indeed, so unreliable have our Summers grown that our advice would be of the two styles of costumes to give more attention to the thicker, if both could not be equally cared for.

People are already beginning to give some thought to walking and traveling suits for the autumn.

The most ultra new of such costumes will be made of Irish poplin, it appears. It will be remembered that we spoke of an expected revival for this material some time ago.

The new poplin will be silky in finish and texture, and very handsome, and seems to come as a sort of natural outgrowth of the fashion for sicilienne, ottoman and cloths with repped "travers" effects, which has obtained of late years.

Of course poplin, no more than mohair and alpaca and such other wiry and somewhat stiff fabrics of ancient days once more brought upon the carpet, does not lend itself to drapings, soft and artistic, and to curved folds and loose loopings.

It requires different treatment—flat plaits, rows of flat braid, velvet or galloon, and appliques of passementerie for trimming; in short, a plainer, stiffer style, more in straight lines.

And here, then (for fabrics and styles always complement each other), is the material of materials for those straight plaited backs held out by stiff bustles and lined with crinoline, of which we have before spoken, and which will largely take the place of draped backs.

This style of dress can be accepted with pleasure by tall women of the stately order; but it will not go so well with the little women who adopt it.

For them the soft draped and looped styles were far prettier. Much vogue for poplin need not be expected, however, till Winter, as it so heavy a material.

For the Autumn, and notably for the early Autumn, mohair will be the widely favored dress fabric; this, being of lightish weight does much better.

The tailor-made cloth suit will doubtless suffer from the competition of these mohair suits, some of which, according to good authority, will be trimmed with the heavy old-fashioned yak laces, dyed to match the goods.

But still cloth walking dresses may be counted upon to hold their own in the face of every rival style, for nothing for true usefulness, solidity and unexceptionable taste, can compare to them, when all is said.

The great majority will still fall back upon them for early Autumn traveling dresses, supplementing them by the small bonnets of cloth to correspond, which are so particularly appropriate and capable of any amount of rough wear in cars, boats, etc., and with a gray or ecru pongee dust cloak, or a Newmarket of gray waterproof silk, the latter being trim, neat and serviceable for many occasions.

To return to the costumes of the present moment, still do round tucked skirts and spencer waists, and waists with yokes and white tucked or lace inserting gulmpes, and belts of velvet, and sashes of ribbon, or of nainsook, or lawn (when the dress is of such thin materials) taken double, and hanging in ends half a yard broad, carry everything before them.

It is a charming style, doubtless, quaint and simple, and womanly, but perhaps it is getting the least bit monotonous.

Unfortunately, it is a type of dress very easily copied in inferior materials—in the most inferior twelve cent cotton goods as well as in anything else—and as twelve yards are amply sufficient for making, and no great ingenuity is required to fit a half loose round waist and to gather a round skirt with tucks to its band, home made copies, decidedly cheap-looking as well as cheap in reality, already abound.

Moreover, the mistake is very commonly made of wearing these dresses without a bustle of any sort.

Hence the back falls straight with a draggled look which is not admirable and is quite contrary to the standard "outlines" as set down by the fashion of the period.

No very simple style is ever as safe from monotony of effect as a more intricate one; for the latter usually admits of many more variations of one kind and another.

This style in question admits of scarcely any variations; it is always the one theme, repeating itself in the one strain, hence we have an unavoidable sameness, and a great deal of one thing, which makes one conjecture that this style of dress may not have much longevity, and rather wish that it may not, indeed.

This does not prevent one, however, from admiring the fine specimens of the type, and that very thoroughly.

What could be more charming, for instance, for a fair girl than a round skirt of sheer swiss over a pale pink slip, the edge of the muslin finished with a deep flounce of Mechlin, and three wide tucks above, a round waist, full back and front, and with a square yoke of lace through which the pink shows faintly, and little pink ribbons tied up over the shoulders, and sleeves having lace bands down the outside, while a sash of the swiss, doubled and a half a yard wide, is loosely passed about the waist and falls nearly to the foot of the dress behind, with an edging of lace on each end and three tucks above.

This dress is what a Frenchman would call "adorable." Equally adorable, though, in a simpler note, for the meaning is the same idea repeated in nainsook, with no tucks, only a band of Irish point embroidered quarter of a yard on the edge of the the skirt, and a yoke of the Irish point, with a blue silk high-necked, long-sleeved waist worn underneath, bands of Irish point on the very close nainsook sleeves, blue velvet ribbons tied up over the shoulders and a blue velvet belt finished with a large rosette.

Among the dresses worn in the evening at watering places lace toilets, black chiefly, and ecru-tinted Oriental lace next in order, continue to be very conspicuous.

The most effective black lace dresses are undoubtedly those with colored silk underdresses—orange, pink or red.

And still more striking, because few and far between, are toilets of black lace draped in diagonal folds over brocaded silks with large isolated figures on light grounds—white, for instance, or pale maize, or flesh-pink.

The "expression" of a dress of this sort is very "bizarre," and yet in perfect taste. And what an excellent opportunity for making new use of a light brocade which may have lost its freshness.

Then the Oriental ecru-tinted laces and the Oriental net are charming in their effect over pale colored silks, over lavender and over pink especially.

We have seen one such toilet with a long polonaise of lace falling away in deep plouts over a puffed front—one long puff falling from the wrist, and smaller ones alternating with lace flounces below—a diagonal drapery carried up from the right side of the polonaise to the left shoulder, and below this drapery a pink ribbon starting from the side seams and tied to form a loose belt with long ends; loops of pink ribbon set at intervals against the bottom flounce on the skirt; transparent lace sleeves finished with pink ribbon; one great "flot" of ribbon against the left side of the full back drapery, and a pink silk underdress.

Fireside Chat.

HOME UPHOLSTERY.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

IF the wood is hard, I find it a difficult matter to send the nails in, but punching a slight hole first will get over the difficulty; and be sure to hit your nail straight.

These hints are worth remembering, if you attempt to cover an occasional table with plush or satin, using ornamental nails, which are expensive and easily broken.

The way to make loose chair covers is to take the exact pattern in paper, lay this on the material, and baste it round and cut it out, allowing turnings; then stitch with the machine.

The back of the chair will sometimes have to be gathered, and pulled here and there to the front.

It is a great improvement to put a gathered flounce round the chair covers.

Where absolutely necessary, fasten with buttons and buttonholes. Use as few strings as you can; they are apt to hang down unwarily, and look untidy.

A very usual seat in a drawing-room now is a Moorish or oriental pouf, having the appearance of a couple of cushions, laid corner-wise across each other, or three one above another, with one for the back. They are easily arranged.

Let a carpenter make the slight wooden frame, then put the cushions on this, and fasten them together at the corners.

The lower cushion should be stuffed with horsehair, so as not to be easily flattened; they look best covered with some oriental material.

If you wish to have an ornamental, and at the same time very inexpensive, chair, buy a folding one with wooden frame, and holland for back and seat.

Some sprigs of crewel work or chintz applique scattered over the holland make it most pretty and elegant.

I have often turned packing cases into ottomans by lining the inside, so that the seams go next to the wood.

Then made the outside complete, slipping it on when done.

It must be sewn to the edge of the inside lining only, taking care to stuff the top with flock, well pressed between the wood and an inner cover.

The lid is secured by hinges, and a piece of tape should be nailed from the sides to the lid to prevent it going too far back; the edges may be finished with cord, or tassel at each corner.

Ordinary hassocks, which you may buy for a shilling apiece, may be converted into pretty footstools by covering them with serge worked with yellow daffodils, or any other flower you like.

Bed hangings are going out of fashion, but still they are seen, not in the form of the old four-poster, but as part and parcel of Arabian bedsteads.

The prettiest and most healthy plan as non-air excluding is a half tester roof, supported by two posts.

The roof has to be covered, a curtain hung at each side, which should be drawn back as much as possible by sloped holders to the bedposts, where a large ribbon rosette aids to their beauty.

A head valance completes the arrangement, best bordered by fringe and festooned. No words will really explain all this; it is best to obtain an upholsterer's illustrated catalogue, and copy as closely as you can.

India-rubber rings instead of brass ones for securing the curtains to the poles save noise.

Ornamental quilts add to the appearance of a room; an eiderdown in a turkey red cover bordered with lace, with large bows at each corner, is effective, or an Austrian blanket, or squares of linen, a flower embroidered in each lace round, and lace insertion between the squares, or even a Bolton sheet bound with red, with square bouquets of crewel embroidery all over it.

If you have a plethora of books, get a carpenter to make a wooden frame with no back, and a series of shelves.

Set this against the wall, cover the top with any fabric you may think suitable, and the sides; border it with bell fringe, as also the shelves. Put your books on these, and your china, etc., on the top, and you will have, not only a useful but a handsome piece of furniture.

Three slips of wood strung at each corner with blind cord knotted when through, so that they cannot slip the four pieces tied together at the top, and passed over a nail, give a convenient kind of bedroom book shelves, which can be arranged for very little.

EGG-EATING.—A correspondent recommends any who is troubled with hens eating their eggs, to break one and dust the contents nicely with cayenne pepper, afterward turning the egg round, so as to get the pepper below the yolk if possible, and leave the egg in the offender's nest. Or if he catches her in the act of eating an egg, let him drive her away quietly and place pepper in the remainder of the egg, endeavoring as stated above, to get the pepper underneath. He will very soon see her running furiously about with distended beak. If one dose is not sufficient, administer another a little stronger; but one dose has proved to be a perfect cure.

SOAP AND BURNS.—A free application of soft soap to a fresh burn almost instantly removes the fire from the flesh, according to a medical man who had been burned repeatedly himself. If the injury is very severe, as soon as the pain ceases apply linseed oil and then dust over with fine flour. When this last covering dries hard repeat the oil and flour dressing until a good coating is obtained. When the latter dries allow it to stand until it cracks and falls off, as it will do in a day or two, and a new skin will be found to have formed where the skin was burned.

IN MEXICO it is the custom to kiss the feet of young ladies in saying adieu. In Chicago it is the custom to stumble over them.

Correspondence.

B. C.—The poppy is chiefly remarkable as the source of opium. To give a lesson on the poppy you should read up the subject in some good encyclopædia. There is a great deal to be said about it.

ASPIRANT.—To marry a woman twice your age reminds one of the injunction that "a man may not marry his grandmother." Think again before finally committing yourself to marriage—you, a youth of 20—with a lady of 37.

DAILY.—Dissepimentum is the Latin from dissepire, to part off by a boundary, to separate. In Botany, it means a partition in the seed vessel; sepire meaning "to enclose"; the seeds being thus separately enclosed.

TACONY.—1. There is some truth in mesmerism and you can get books on the subject at almost any bookstore. (2.) You can procure the works you want on the violin at Ditson & Co. or Lee & Walker's music stores, Chestnut St., this city.

FLOSSIE.—Do not make a grievance of so small a matter. There will be abundant opportunities for companionship by-and-by. Some people seem to be on the look-out for troubles and annoyances. Too many are certain to befall you. Do not go to meet them.

MUSIC.—It would be better for her to ignore the gossip, and let things take their course for a time. But if she should at last have reason to think that the young man was slandering her, she should quietly drop his acquaintance in such a manner as to compel him to an explanation, in case he should care to continue on good terms with her.

J. L. F. J.—If the young lady whose acquaintance you have made desires that you should call with her at her parents', there is no reason why you should decline to do so, although you have only met her four times. Whether it would be presumptuous of you to ask for her photograph, we are unable to judge from the mere fact that you have only met her four times.

HAINE.—The shedding of eye-lashes is generally due to delicate health, and the best remedy is quinine or cod-liver oil. Apply also a little rose ointment to the edge of the eye-lids night and morning. The eye-lashes will, in all probability, grow again, but most likely they will not be so fine nor so regular as they were before. The best solution to wash the eyes with is one consisting of ten grains of alum to a pint of cold water.

PERPLEXED.—Certainly it is wrong. The very secrecy of the thing makes it wrong. Give it up at once. What requires to be concealed is beyond question unworthy, and therefore sinful. Speak to your father, and at once. It is for him to inquire into the matter and set it right without delay. As regards the question of health, we judge from what you say that it is most desirable you should have medical advice, and promptly.

JOSEPHINE.—This writer says: "It is more correct to use a or an before the words, 'habitual,' 'hospital,' 'hotel,' 'hospitable,' 'harmonium,' 'humble'?"—The rule in this matter appears to be that when the accent falls on the first syllable of the word, the form of the preceding indefinite article is a; but an is used when the accent falls on the second syllable. Thus we should say, "a hospital," "a hospitable man, "a humble position," but "an habitual absentee," "an hotel," "an harmonium."

P. P.—Raw coffee will not make the complexion pale, nor will anything else do so without doing harm. One day you will be pale enough. Do not be in a hurry to anticipate the pallor of disease and death. The sickly taste of the day which takes the form of admiration for high shoulders and white pinched faces, the outward signs of consumption, is a morbid taste. The æsthetic mania is a form of mental depravity of the hysterical sort, and affects almost exclusively neurotic women and effeminate males.

H. A. B.—When you ask whether French or Latin is the more useful language to learn, everything depends upon what you mean by "useful." Commercially, French is the more serviceable; educationally, Latin. In studying your twelve subjects, you should aim at taking them in an order which will give you the greatest variety. Thus, arithmetic, algebra, and mensuration, should not be taken consecutively. To the more easy subjects you might give half an hour each; to the more difficult, three-quarters of an hour.

VIOLET W.—There is no special age for marriage in the case of women. We do not think men should marry until they are fairly settled in life, and practically that cannot be much before the age of thirty. We have nothing to say on the subject of the choice made by men. We have not yet, happily, arrived at that extreme reversal of the order of nature in which women are to marry men. Hitherto men have married women, and probably it will be so for some years to come. Parents must give their consent in all cases in which the female is under age. The question is one for parents and guardians, so far as girls are concerned.

CURIOUS.—Dame Ashfield, a farmer's wife, in Morton's Speed the Plough, is jealous of a neighboring farmer named Grundy. She tells her husband that Grundy got five shillings a quarter more for his wheat than they did, that the sun seemed to shine on purpose for him, that his wife's butter was the crack butter of the market. The dame then begins day-dreaming, and says, "If our Nelly were to marry a great baronet, I wonder what Mrs. Grundy would say?"—whereat Ashfield makes answer, "Why dan't thee letten Mrs. Grundy alone? I do verily think, when thee guest to t'other world, the vurst question thee'll ax 'll be if Mrs. Grundy's there?"

I. H. McC.—Religion does not affirm "that, unlike every other form of life, man has something more than an active organism, is that he has a 'soul.'" On the contrary, religion affirms that the beast has a soul or spirit as well as a man (Eccl. iii. 21). It is no part of the hypothesis of a soul that only man has this incorporated entity. "Evolution" has nothing whatever to say to the constitution of the thing evolved. All the facts of heredity go to show that the moral character, and what we also call the spiritual character, is evolved as much as the visible organism. Indeed the fact that man, as we know him, is evolved with a desire to live again is one of the stringent presumptions in favor of his future existence, because it is a condition of development by evolution that nothing—whether organized matter or organized function—can be called into existence except by the environment. When therefore we find a longing for immortality, we say, according to the law of evolution, there must be "a future" existence in the environment, or that longing could exist.